

## DEATH TO CHICAGO'S OAKS.

In a Decade Most of the Great Trees May Be Gone—Other Growths Supplant Them.

The oaks of Chicago and its suburbs are going the way of all things mortal. It is predicted by nurserymen that within a decade no heated city resident can find a place of rest under the generous shade of one of these trees within 40 miles of the city's heart.

For years the oak has been the characteristic tree of the lake shore section, but the knell of its doom seems to have been rung. It is probable that before long Oak Park must take on a new name if the villagers wish to have all things consistent. Civilization is the enemy of the quivered oak, as it is the enemy of the squirrels that ate acorns in its branches.

On the South side, in Chicago, within view of the cars from the elevated railroad, there are square blocks on which no buildings have been erected and which look desolate, for within the last two years the oak trees around them have withered and died. Their trunks still tower and their branches spread, but of green leaves there is not left a vestige.

The nurserymen say: "Drainage has done this thing," and that wherever a drainage pipe runs the oak must perish.

Persons interested in the beautifying of their grounds, having foreseen the inevitable dying of the oaks, have been experimenting with other trees. The result is that though the oak—with all the associations which have clung to that tree in every land in which it grows—must go, there are other trees beautiful in themselves which will thrive in the place which the old forest giant has left vacant.

The head gardener at Lincoln park has given some hints as to the comparative hardiness of trees and the kind of soil to which each tree is adapted. The cause of the death of the oaks, he says, is the drainage of the soil, the oak having a tap root which takes up a great share of the moisture necessary for the tree. The elm, on the other hand, has a spreading root and does not require anything like the amount of moisture needed by the oak. Elms are thriving all through the suburbs and in many places in the heart of the city itself.

The soft maple and the catalpa are coming to be characteristic trees of the North side. The catalpa does especially well along the lake shore. Some of these trees, planted nearly 20 years ago, show not a single dead twig. Perhaps the catalpa's only drawback is the fact that the leaves drop early. The soft maple will live and thrive if care be taken of it. Wood boring insects like it, and the branches break easily.

The cottonwoods and some varieties of the poplar will thrive without more than a medium of care. The balsam poplar, however, is apt to become the prey of insects, while the Lombardy poplar, which points like a lance to the sky, is apt to be short-lived amid the surroundings of civilization.

Many experiments have been made in Chicago in the last ten years with the iolanthus, or Tree of Heaven. It is a beautiful shade tree and an exceedingly rapid grower, and insects seem to avoid it. It needs, however, some degree of shelter in severe winters, though several of these trees in Lincoln park stood the extreme cold of last year without injury. The iolanthus in three years' growth is of sufficient size to shade a porch.

Gardeners say it is useless for city residents to plant pines or spruces. Smoke kills them. A Norway maple will do well under almost any conditions, as will the Carolina poplar and some other varieties of trees.—Chicago Tribune.

### A Close-Fisted Father.

Mr. Kuhn was thrifty in money matters, and cared little for his own personal appearance. He had worn the same old shabby overcoat until his sons were ashamed of him and tried to induce him to buy a new one.

"Oh, no," the old gentleman would always say, "I would rather have the \$10 that it would cost."

One day the sons determined that he should wear a new coat, and, believing that if he could get one at a good bargain he would buy it, arranged with a tailor to sell him a \$10 coat for \$7.50, they to pay the difference. They then went home and told their father what a handsome coat they had seen, and what a bargain it would be to buy it. So the father went and looked at it, and after beating the tailor down to six dollars took it and started for home.

But when he reached the door he had no coat with him.

"Didn't you buy the coat, father?" "Yes; got it for six dollars," replied the old man.

"Where is it?"

"Oh! I was showing it to a friend on the street car, and when he offered me eight dollars for it I let him have it."—Collier's Weekly.

### Modern American Fortunes.

"Did you say the young man who has proposed to you is a millionaire?" asked the trust magnate.

"Yes. I have had it all explained to me," she answered. "His resources amount to just about a million."

"Well, I suppose it would be wrong to snub him. We must remember that in this great and glorious country poverty is no disgrace."—Washington Star.

## DOUBLE-FACED CHINAMAN.

The Story-Teller Says the Second Visage Was Grafted on to the Back of His Head.

"It occurred several years ago—nearly 20—and it beat the Cardiff Giant all hollow. Some showmen got a Chinaman, shaved the back of his head from the crown to the nape of the neck and then grafted the face of another man on it. The result was a double-faced Chinaman, and a harvest of coin for those who worked the trick. The freak was exhibited over England and—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted a bystander, who, according to the Philadelphia Inquirer, had overheard the little tale. "Where did the second face come from?"

The relator of the tale looked at his interlocutor with scorn.

"Where did it come from?" he replied. "Why, from another Chinaman, of course. I didn't mean to say that the grafting process was successful enough to preserve the movements of the eyes and lips and all that sort of thing, but it was successful enough to—"

"Entitle you to this," put in the doubting one. "Take it and be sure of receiving the best the house affords."

"This" proved to be a card bearing the address of a Race street opium parlor.

"Be sure that your pill is well cooked," added the doubting one, "for a green one might make you tell an even worse yarn than the double-faced Chinaman. Good-by."

And he was gone before the other man could get the empty beer mug he reached for.

## TREE CULTURE IN GERMANY

It Is Regarded as One of the Most Prized Occupations of the People.

While congress and the several state legislatures have for years been flooded with petitions and proposed laws for the preservation of the forest trees of the country, nearly all of them more or less defective, the people of Germany have solved the problem with very little ado. Germany is an old country. Centuries ago what we might call its virgin timber was exhausted and the country found itself with a dense population dependent on a limited area of land to supply its needs for wood material. What should they do? Should they stint their use in this direction to a niggardly amount? Should they call on the stock of newer countries for their supply? They did neither of these things. They went to work to develop the resources and capabilities of their own lands. The states and the nobles supported the work. Scientists labored and managers experimented. Forest schools were established to spread through the land the knowledge that had been gained. Finally they piled up a mass of exact information about trees and everything related to their life, and established a system of forest management that is one of the finest monuments of the thoroughness, the conservatism and the patience of the German race. And today the forest stands as one of the prime objects of the people's regard, a source of health, wealth and national independence.

"Now that isn't half bad," said the editor to the paragrapher who had handed him a joke. "Do you think so?" asked the flattered humorist. "It isn't half bad," repeated the editor, musingly. "It is bad altogether."—Louisville Journal.

"Is that all you can advance on a fine gold watch like this?" asked the young man who was negotiating a loan. "That is all, my friend," replied the pawnbroker, "but you must remember that the less I lend you, the less you will have to pay back, and the interest will be smaller."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"That man was very complimentary of you; I suppose he gave you a good tip," said the proprietor of the restaurant to the waiter. "No; that's the trouble," replied the waiter; "he had nothing but praise for my service."—Yonkers Statesman.

You Know the Sort—"I don't like Spiffins," said Bellefield to Bloomfield. "I don't like that sort of a chap." "What kind of a chap is Spiffins?" "The kind that predicts an event after it has occurred."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Farmer Jones (to a tramp whom he finds in his hayfield)—"What you been sleepin' on out here all night?" Weary Walter—"Hay!" Farmer Jones—"I ast you what you been sleepin' on." Weary Walter—"Well, I tote you once. Now go away, an' don't disturb me beauty sleep."—Baltimore American.

The Son's Characteristics.—The Photographer—"Here, sir, are the cabinets that your son ordered of me." Father (regarding one)—"The picture is certainly very like him. And he has paid you?" The Photographer—"No, sir." The Father—"That a still more like him."—Boston Courier.

"Please, dear, won't you pay my milliner's bill of last year? I can't sleep when I think of it!" "Yes; I'll pay it. I'm glad if your conscience is awakened at last! But what has worked this wonder?" "My intention to order two new hats."—Lustige Blaetter.

## GROUPEE AND PARROT FISH.

The Characteristics of One Strikingly Displayed in the Tank of the Others.

The Bermuda groupers are so called on account of their habit of grouping together. There are plenty of fishes that on occasions by accident or design may come together side by side, or in some other regular order or formation, but there are few if any that get together as the groupers do. In the tank of groupers at the aquarium, says the New York Sun, these fishes may be seen, half a dozen or more of them at a time, ranged along the glass at the front of the tank, heads all to the front, and with their bodies lapping one another diagonally with uniform regularity. Sometimes at feeding time they stand, or rather suspend themselves in the water side by side, in a uniform rank, heads up, near the surface, and wait there for the man with the food, whose step they may have heard on the platform back of the tanks.

A curious illustration of the fishes' tendency to group was shown in another way. Into a tank in which there were two parrot fishes there was put also a grouper. One of these parrot fishes was not feeling very lively; instead of swimming around it lay on the bottom of the tank, over in one corner, just breathing and taking things easy. This was the grouper's opportunity, and it stretched itself out on the bottom of the tank right alongside the parrot fish and as close to it as it could get, and stayed there.

## DOG-WHIPPING DAY.

When Every Boy Is Allowed to Use a Switch in England—An Old Custom.

There are parts of rural England where they still set aside a day for whipping dogs.

Dog-whipping day is October 18. Then every boy in the neighborhood is privileged to arm himself with sticks and lashes and beat every dog he meets to his heart's content. There are different stories as to the origin of this strange custom. In Yorkshire tradition has it that a priest, when going his rounds many years ago, dropped the holy water used in communion service. A dog that happened to be near by swallowed it, and was promptly whipped for his guiltiness, and in commemoration of this event it has been deemed expedient to thrash the entire dog family on this day throughout the succeeding years. In the vicinity of Manchester the tale goes that the good fathers in a certain monastery used to set platters of food outside the gates for the poor pilgrims that infested the country at certain seasons. On one occasion a dog, whose stomach was probably empty as any pilgrim's ever dare be, very selfishly ate the food himself. He was caught in the lawless net and was whipped soundly, and his crime and its punishment have been visited upon his descendants these many generations.

## Mexico and the Yaquis.

The struggle between the Yaqui Indians and the Mexican government has been inevitable ever since the construction of the Mexican Central railroad brought civilization within an easy march of the Yaqui territory. With the extension of the area of gold discoveries in Sonora the conflict could not be longer averted and it will have a melancholy interest in history as probably the last stand of the red man on this continent against destiny. The Yaqui is not as aggressive or as bloodthirsty as the Apache, but he is fully as impervious to civilization and quite as good a fighter.

### Sweet Sympathy.

A pretty story is told at Vienna about Archduchess Valerie, youngest daughter of the emperor. It seems that when traveling the other day from Linz to Vienna she noticed on the platform at Linz a 14-year-old schoolboy crying bitterly. She had the conductor bring the lad to her compartment and, finding that he was proceeding to Vienna to attend his father's funeral, she insisted on his traveling with her, paying the difference in his fare, as he had only a third-class ticket. During the trip she devoted herself to the task of comforting him, telling the boy, among other things, that she, too, had suffered much from the loss of a fondly loved parent, who had died suddenly in a foreign land. It was only when the boy reached Vienna and was leaving the train that he discovered that the kind lady was Archduchess Valerie.

### Spanish Queen's Charity.

The queen regent of Spain recently inherited a large fortune from a bachelor, Alexander Solar, and has given \$600,000 of it to charities.

### Birch Wood Exported for Spools.

About 10,000,000 feet of birch wood will be sent this year from Maine to England and Scotland for spools.

## Queerness of Men.

It's a wise child that knows its own father when it sees him out in company. It doesn't take much of a man to tell how a thing ought to be done. The one who goes and does it deserves the praise. The man who goes to church may not enjoy the sermon, but he generally goes home with a good appetite for his Sunday dinner. It is claimed by some people that baldness indicates great brain power, but the makers of alleged hair restorers keep on getting rich.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Musie for Nervousness.

Some scientists have claimed that music has the power to soothe the nerves. But the quickest way to cure nervousness is to strengthen the nervous system. We know of nothing which will accomplish this quicker than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is the one medicine that is successful above all others in the treatment of blood, stomach and liver diseases. Do not take a substitute. See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

## Irony.

"Did you ever notice a man from St. Louis?" inquired the janitor philosopher. "Will, if you didn't it's worth yer while. Up th' boulevard he struts wid hid elevated. Suddenly thers a big commotion an' he's lifted off his fate by an automobile. He picks himself up, goes home an' tells his friends th' horseless carriages av Chicago are run by jackasses; but th' jackasses are inside. Oh, he's a bitter lobster."—Chicago Evening News.

## Home Seekers' Excursions via "Big Four Route."

To the North, West, Northwest, Southwest, South and Southeast. Selling dates: August 15th, September 5th and 19th; and on October 3d and 17th, 1899, at one fare, plus \$2.00 to authorized points in the following states: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, British Columbia, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Iowa, Indian Territory, Idaho, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Manitoba, New Mexico, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Washington. For full information and particulars as to rates, routes, tickets, limits, stop-over privileges, etc., call on Agents "Big Four Route," or address the undersigned. W. P. Depe, A. G. P. & T. Agt., Warren J. Lynch, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

## What He Had.

Guest—What have you got?  
Waiter—I've got liver, calf's brains, pig's feet.  
"I don't want a description of your physical peculiarities. What you have got to eat is what I want to know."—Boston Traveler.

## Not So Bad.

"How did the family come out in the matter of settling the estate?" was asked of one of the brothers.  
"Might have been worse, but we finally succeeded in effecting a compromise with our lawyer by which he agreed to let us have half."—Detroit Free Press.

## Family Pride.

The Husband—But we can't afford to keep a carriage.  
The Wife—I know we can't, but I want to show that stuck-up Mrs. Brown that we can have things we can't afford just as well as they can.—N. Y. Journal.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

## Sort of "Short Deck."

The boss dynamiters of Japan are Pak Ki Yank, Pak Chung Yung and Pak Yung Hyo, and they are a very bad pack.—Baltimore Herald.

## Can't Succeed.

Some men are so deficient in the elements of success that they would never set the world on fire even if the world were insured in their favor.—Detroit Journal.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

## Feminine Exhortation.

A Boston paper says that about 300 women have been licensed to preach. The rest have not taken the trouble to get a license.—St. Louis Republic.

You have several dollars worth of old clothes that are good but soiled. Dye them over with Putnam Fadeless Dyes and they will be new again. Only takes one hour and they will not stain your hands or vessels.

Tommy—"Who was that lady you spoke to?" Willie—"That's the lady that lets my ma go out any afternoon but Thursdays and Sundays."—Boston Transcript.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

The car conductor's motto is: "Let us put off till to-morrow the man who cannot pay to-day."—L. A. W. Bulletin.

## Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c.

Men are never so good or bad as their opinions.—Mackintosh.



DR. MOFFETT'S  
**TEETHINA**  
(Teething Powders.)

Costs only 25 Cents. Ask your Druggist for it.

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The debilitating drains and discharges which weaken so many women are caused by Catarrh of the distinctly feminine organs. The sufferer may call her trouble Leucorrhoea, or Weakness, or Female Disease, or some other name, but the real trouble is catarrh of the female organs and nothing else. Pe-ru-na radically and permanently cures this and all other forms of Catarrh. It is a positive specific for female troubles caused by catarrh of the delicate lining of the organs peculiar to women. It always cures if used persistently. It is prompt and certain.

The microbes that cause chills and fever and malaria enter the system through mucous membranes made porous by catarrh. Pe-ru-na heals the mucous membranes and prevents the entrance of malarial germs, thus preventing and curing these affections.

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A. N. K.—E 1777

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Rev. (now Bishop) Joseph S. Key, wrote: "We gave your TEETHINA (Teething Powders) to our little grandchild with the happiest results. The effects were almost magical and certainly more satisfactory than from anything we ever used." If not kept by druggists mail 25 Cents to C. J. MOFFETT, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

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To cure, or money refunded by your merchant, so why not try it? Price 50c.



# THE HERALD.



SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.  
THURSDAY, November 16, 1899

UNDER all circumstances the election of Hon. Joseph P. Rose, of this county, as representative for this ninety-first district, is a triumph of which he and his friends are indeed proud. The Republican party, knowing the hard contest it had to make pitted against him the very best man they could find within the party and district. Rev. Mr. Adams is quite an old man, and during the many years that have tended to frost his hair and beard not a breath of suspicion was ever uttered against him. Not only this, but during his ministry he had endeared many men of all political parties to him by ties that it were hard to sever even in a hot political fight. As a minister of the gospel he had officiated at the marriage of hundreds of couples in this and Morgan county; had baptized into the church many others; had nursed at the bedside of others during serious illness, and at the death of many others had paid the last tribute in simple but sincere funeral discourses. In brief his kindnesses had been so many and so varied that men of the strongest political affiliation felt that affection for him which bound them unto him like fetters of steel. All these things, together with his personal character above reproach, made him an exceptionally strong man, to defeat whom in any kind of a contest must needs make the victor a hero. And yet the Democratic party found in Mr. Rose that hero—a man of the same high integrity, citizenship and personal cleanliness—else the battle would not, could not, have proved so signal a victory. Therefore we reiterate that Mr. Rose was a victory of which he and his friends have just cause to be proud, and especially so since his majority is in the neighborhood of 700. All hail to the chief, and may he continue to conquer is the wish of THE HERALD and his constituency in this and Morgan counties.

THE result in the governor's race is as yet by no means certain, though it now looks as if Mr. Goebel is elected by something like 1500 majority. However it may take the official count to determine definitely whether he or Mr. Taylor is the victor. The Brown following proved so infinitesimal as to be hardly a factor except in the role of the monkey pulling chestnuts from the fire for the Republicans, but they pulled so few that that party might starve for want of other sustenance. Indeed it was but a farce. That Mr. Goebel has made a most remarkable race, whether he shall be declared the winner or not, is a fact beyond dispute. With few exceptions the newspapers of the state fought him from start to finish; the pulpit was arrayed against him, and the pettyfogging politicians opposed him to a man. Abuse of the Ananias brand was heaped upon him from every quarter. But bravely he faced everything and

throughout the canvass demonstrated that he is a doughty leader. Eliminating the element of doubt and assuming that he is elected and will be inaugurated as our next governor, it is safe to predict that he will make an executive of exceptional ability and emblazon upon the pages of history a record as yet unprecedented. His administration will prove one of national renown. The general assembly will be Democratic by a majority of 86 on joint ballot, which insures the election of a Democrat as successor to Hon. William Lindsay as United States Senator, and for this, if nothing more, the party should be profoundly thankful.

FROM a business letter from J. W. Congleton, of Campton, we learn that he will be a candidate for the office of county judge at our next regular election, and we arrive to remark that the county of Wolfe nor any other county in the commonwealth could produce a better man for the place, pick him from whatever party they might. This will suffice for the present, and is without disparagement to any other aspirant whomsoever. When Mr. Congleton formally announces we shall say further, perhaps, and in the meantime we are ready and willing to entertain the claims of any other candidate.

THE British defeat at Glencoe has been followed by a worse disaster at Ladysmith, where two of the best British regiments and a battery—comprising nearly one-fifth of Gen. White's small army—were cut off in the hills, surrounded by the Boers in overwhelming numbers and forced to surrender after losing heavily. Gen. Joubert enticed the British commander, as the spider did the fly, in his devised trap.

EX-GOV. ALVIN SAUNDERS died on the 1st inst., at Omaha. He was a native of Kentucky, and was the first Governor of Nebraska after that state was admitted to the Union.

THE disaster to the British army by the Boers at Ladysmith was caused by the oversight and blunder of Gen. White. The mule is a mighty factor in war.

THE new house of reform was opened at Lexington on the 1st of the present month, and 60 children were transferred to the Home from the Frankfort penitentiary.

JEFFRIES is still champion. He got the decision over Sharkey at the ringside, Coney Island, after 25 hard fought rounds on the 3d inst.

T. C. ADAMS, editor of the Richmond Pantagraph, has been appointed storekeeper and gauger by Collector Yerkes.

THE turkey is a native of America, and during the holidays will be served this year with expansion sauce.

VICE PRESIDENT HOBART is dangerously ill. His physicians having little hopes of his recovery.

## BUDGET OF NEWS.

No man should be put in office who is in sympathy with trusts or trust makers.

The Atlanta people now realize why Admiral Dewey preferred to remain in Washington.

President McKinley seems to think that flagflapping if sufficiently vigorous will cover all kinds of blunders.

The lynching of a negro in Kansas is another indication that sec-

tional lines are gradually being wiped out.

An Ohio postmaster died the other day and the pall bearers were selected from among the applicants for the vacant job.

President McKinley's Thanksgiving Day proclamation read like a bold plagiarism from spellbinder McKinley's rear-platform speeches.

When the Cabinet is not on the stump it is in Washington discussing politics. This is the McKinley Cabinet idea of serving the country.

In the matter of revenue tax the express companies appear to have the joke on the banks, and Senator Platt of the United States Express Company looms up as the "Little Joker."

We fancy there will be a very interesting time when the Civil Service Commissioners call down Mark Hanna for his part in the campaign fund soliciting circular.

There were several important questions which Senator Hanna carefully avoided speaking on during the Ohio campaign. Possibly he is saving them for his message to congress.

The Civil Service Commission talks of making trouble for the Ohio Republican politicians who sent out the Burdell circular levying contributions on Federal office holders, but no word of condemnation has come from President McKinley.

The glass industry has had 100 per cent. tariff protection longer than any other industry, yet we now pay more per box for window glass than our fathers paid in 1860. The industry is in the hands of trusts, which make more money from working the people than by working their mills.

The treaty between President McKinley and Sulu Sultan provides for recognitions and payment of the Sultan's harem keeper. Although the pay is only \$40 a month, it is a regular official position under the United States carrying the title of Habib Mura. Appointment can be made without examination by the Civil Service Commission.

All through the course of the Philippine muddle President McKinley has been careful to keep the country in the dark as much as possible. What were his instructions to General Otis? What directions did he give the Philippine Commission? What were the concessions asked by Aguinaldo before fighting began, and what terms did our army officers offer? What is the arrangement with the Sultan of Sulu? What were the contents of the dispatch sent by Admiral Dewey last December? All have been suppressed. Could an Emperor have kept more from the people than President McKinley has done?

## HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY.

The fourteenth annual session of Hazel Green Academy will begin on MONDAY, Sept. 4, 1899. Instruction thorough, discipline firm, expenses low. WM. H. CORD, Principal. Hazel Green, Ky., 7-11-99.

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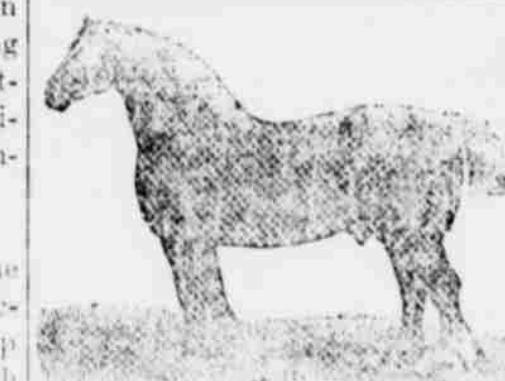
# LAMPS!

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This week invites your attention to the finest line of lamps ever brought to Hazel Green, including, parlor, dining room and kitchen, and they will be sold at "way down" prices.

In the grocery line you will find the best in the market.





CONNAUGHT 2D 3512.

This celebrated English Hackney stallion imported to the United States on June 3, 1890, will make the season of 1899 at the stables of John H. Pieratt, at Hazel Green, Ky., at the extremely low price, blood and beauty considered, of

\$6 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT,

Or \$5 To Insure A Mare In Foal,

money due when the fact is ascertained in either case. A loan on the colt will be retained for the season money, and in event the mare is traded off or bred to another horse the money will then be due. Every care will be taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible should they occur.

### DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

CONNAUGHT 2nd, 3512 is a beautiful bay, full 16 hands high, black mane and tail, good style and action and a fine roadster 9 years old this spring. He was sired by Victor of Beethly 1887; dam Bonnie 1925, by Highflyer 1898; Victor of Beethly 1887 by Reliance 1897, grand dam by Congress 1844; Reliance 1897 by Confidence 158, dam by R. 6600.

NOTE—His complete pedigree covers many crosses of the thoroughbred and each horse—but is too full to quote. Breeders are invited to call and see him and examine his pedigree at my stables. Respectfully, J. H. PIERATT.

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A positive and permanent cure for me-grim (Half-Headache) and all other forms of Headache or Neuralgia.

HEADACHE CURED FREE

by sample mailed you if this paper is mentioned. The more promptly headaches are relieved the less frequent will be their return until permanently cured. Sold by all druggists. FIFTY (50) CENTS A BOX.

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SOUTH BEND, IND.

Now if you want to keep yourself posted on the political issue of the coming campaign, subscribe for THE HERALD.



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**Hood's Pills**

House, the for old liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Paralytic vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c, at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**THE HERALD.**

**GREATEST FAMILY WEEKLY**

**A FARM JOURNAL**

**Great Offer.** From now to Dec. 1903. Nearly 5 Years.

By special arrangement made with the publishers of the FARM JOURNAL we are enabled to offer that paper to every subscriber who pays for THE HERALD one year ahead for only \$1.00 both papers for the price of ours only; our paper one year and the FARM JOURNAL from now until December 1903, nearly 5 years. The FARM JOURNAL is an old established paper enjoying great popularity, one of the best and most useful farm papers published.

This offer should be accepted without delay.

I told ye so.

Did you hear the news.

Now let us unite for 1900.

Mrs. Ova Swango is on the sick list.

Did you see the falling of the stars last night?

Joseph P. Rose was among the lucky ones on election day.

A man can borrow trouble easier than he can borrow money.

Born, to the wife of John O'Hare, a boy at Laurel, weighing 11 1/2 lbs.

Logan Miller and Miss Nannie Brewer were married one day last week.

Mrs. Ova Swango was taken suddenly ill while at church on Sunday night.

Mrs. Arbury Swango, who has been sick for several days, is improving.

Born, to the wife of Jim Phelp, at Clark's branch, a boy on Monday last.

A man finds himself in the hands of a hard creditor when he borrows trouble.

An infant child of Ellsworth Lacy, near Daysboro, lies sick with scarlet fever.

Mrs. Nannie Cravens, who has been sick for several weeks, is on the road to recovery.

Robert Kash, who was on the sick list for a short time is some better and teaching again.

The election day passed off very quiet. In fact, the quietest we have had for years in this section.

Prof. Cord left Monday night for Indianapolis, Ind., where he will meet with the Christian Woman's Board of Missions in the interest of the academy.



**F. A. LYON, JR.,**  
Leading Insurance Agent  
of Eastern Kentucky.  
Offices: Beattyville and Jackson.

The colored work in Biggle Berry Book is an immense aid to berry growers. It shows the leading berries true to size, shape and color. They were first carefully painted by an experienced artist, and then reproduced by lithography at a cost of over one thousand dollars. Aside from the color work there are scores of reproductions made directly from photographs of berries, so that the reader may have an accurate idea of them. See publisher's announcement in another column. The price is 50 cents, free by mail; address the publishers, Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia.

**Bible Institute.**

A Bible Institute will be held in Hazel Green, beginning Wednesday evening, Nov. 29th and continuing over Sunday, December 3d. All preachers and church officers are especially invited to attend. Entertainment will be furnished free, while in attendance upon the institute. All who will come, should send their names and addresses to me at once, that homes may be secured for them. Prof. B. C. Dewese, of College of the Bible Lexington, will conduct the institute. Respectfully,  
Nov. 7, '09. Wm. H. Cobb.

The time worn custom in this country has been that following a corn husking a dance was indulged in at night, but our friend and fellow citizen, Frank Johnson, of Lacy creek, has slightly changed the program. He invited his friends to a husking bee on Tuesday and with the invitation announced that those attending the husking could go to church at night, the attraction being Elder H. D. Adams, and the place Frank Johnson's school house.

The Farm Journal is choke full of gumption and has the largest circulation of any farm paper in the world. It is good everywhere. We offer it for a short time as a prize to advance-paying subscribers to THE HERALD a year ahead and the Farm Journal for the balance of 1899 and all of 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903, nearly five years, all for the price of our paper alone.

John Eversole shot John Davis Monday the 6th, at Hazard, Ky. The wound is supposed to be mortal. Eversole is a son of Joe Eversole, chief of the Eversole faction of the French and Eversole war. Trouble is expected over the arrest of the prisoner. Eversole fled and no arrest has yet been made, though officers are making diligent search for the young man.

There has been considerable complaint of late about subscribers not getting THE HERALD. The papers are mailed every Thursday. The fault lies with the postmasters or their clerks. We hope the post-office officials will see to it so there will be no more complaint; it is very annoying.

Jimmie Brown, a well known character about town, on Monday week left for Mt. Sterling, where he will take service with D. S. Godsey and wife, recently removed from this place, and with whom he has lived for the past 10 or 12 years.

Willie Gaydon representing the Paris Grocery Co., had the misfortune to cut off his right thumb on Monday while opening a can of potted ham at the store of Joe Stamper, on Grassy. But notwithstanding he was able to interview our merchants that afternoon, and capture some orders for coffee, etc.

Prof. Cord requests us to thank for him all the people of Hazel Green and vicinity who so valiently helped in saving the furniture, etc., during the fire at the dormitory on Monday. He would have performed the duty personally but is absent at Indianapolis.

Jeff Brewer, last week moved from the Murphy fork of Grassy, Morgan county, to the head of the Bob Rose fork of Stillwater, this county, and the farm recently purchased of Blacksmith John Rose.

The colored school at Daysboro will close tomorrow, Friday night, with an exhibition, and the affair promises to be an entertainment worthy the efforts of Prof. Austin.

E. O. Ambos, representing the John H. Hibben Dry Goods Co., Cincinnati, was a guest at the Day House Tuesday night.

**HON. JOSEPH P. ROSE.**

Kentuckians, stop and listen,  
I sing the truth to all;  
We've sent a man from this district  
To the legislative hall.

We put him there for well we knew  
There's honesty in his heart;  
And to the state and brother man  
He'll do a noble part.

No better man will grace that hall,  
No better will disclose  
The better judgment for the cause  
Than Joseph Powell Rose.

For honor crowns his noble mind,  
It is his beacon light;  
His breastplate is integrity  
While battling for the right.

This treasure pure he does uphold  
To every friend or foe  
Which gives him 'mongst us mountaineers  
The name of "Honest Joe."

And so 'twill be within the hall,  
Where other members meet  
To make the laws of our dear land  
With wisdom most discreet.

And when his labors all are done,  
And at the session's close,  
We'll welcome back our dear old friend—  
Hon. Jos. P. Rose.

SAM WILSON.

Blood and Nerves are very closely related. Keep the blood rich, pure and healthy, with Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will have no nervousness.

Hood's Pills are best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, prevent constipation.

Frank Miller, a son of George Miller, living in the Antioch neighborhood in this county, dropped dead Saturday night, and his brother John, who had been sick for a short time died Sunday night. They were both buried on Monday.

Little Dan Noble was shot by Kelly Banks at the home of Fan Banks, on the head of Lacy creek, last Saturday night. The ball penetrated the right arm near the elbow joint, and the wound was dressed by Dr. Taulbee, of this place, on Sunday morning.

**LOOK OUT** for the first signs of impure blood—Hood's Sarsaparilla is your safeguard. It will purify, enrich and vitalize your **BLOOD**.

Tuesday was a great day for the dries—plenty of the stuff went down and disappeared when the elbow bended.

Post No Bills  
on this wall

**MRS. S. B. KASH,**  
Fashionable Milliner,  
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

**BODE : HARDWARE : COMPANY,**  
WHOLESALE  
**HARDWARE**  
and **CUTLERY,**  
CINCINNATI, O.  
Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

**ROSE & DAVIS**  
—THE—  
**Blacksmiths**  
—AND—  
**Wagon-makers,**

Have no time to write an ad. this week, but desire to announce that they are still at the old stand, and ready and willing at all times to do any work in their line for cash or prompt paying customers.

Those indebted to the firm will please be considerate enough to call and settle at once, as we need money to run our business and must have what is due us to pay our own debts.

**SILAS B. KASH, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
HAZEL GREEN, KY.  
Office at residence, and calls answered at all hours. Obstetrics a specialty.

**DR. BELL'S PINE-TAR-HONEY**

"Ring out the old Ring out the false Ring in the new Ring in the true"

We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

**DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar-Honey**

Nature's most natural remedy, improved by science to a Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are exhilarated; the mucus-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

**SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS**  
Bottles Only. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 Sizes  
**BE SURE YOU GET**  
**Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey.**

I AM 88 YEARS OLD, and never used any remedy equal to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief in grippe as well as coughs and colds. It makes weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. Metcalfe, Paducah, Ky.

**BIGGLE BOOKS**

A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical, Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Hand-somely Printed and Beautifully Illustrated.

By **JACOB BIGGLE**

**No. 1—BIGGLE HORSE BOOK**  
All about Horses—a Common-Sense Treatise, with over 74 illustrations; a standard work. Price, 50 Cents.

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All about growing Small Fruits—read and learn how; contains 43 colored life-like reproductions of all leading varieties and 100 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

**No. 3—BIGGLE POULTRY BOOK**  
All about Poultry; the best Poultry Book in existence; tells everything; with 123 colored life-like reproductions of all the principal breeds, with 103 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

**No. 4—BIGGLE COW BOOK**  
All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great sale; contains 8 colored life-like reproductions of each breed, with 132 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

**No. 5—BIGGLE SWINE BOOK**  
Just out. All about Hogs—Breeding, Feeding, Butchery, Diseases, etc. Contains over 80 beautiful half-tones and other engravings. Price, 50 Cents.

The **BIGGLE BOOKS** are unique, original, useful—you never saw anything like them—so practical, so sensible. They are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or Chicken, or grows small Fruits, ought to send right away for the **BIGGLE BOOKS**. The

**FARM JOURNAL**

Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 32 years old; it is the great bearded down, hit-the-nail-on-the-head, quit-after-you-have-said-it, Farm and Household paper in the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America—having over a million and a half regular readers.

Any ONE of the **BIGGLE BOOKS**, and the **FARM JOURNAL** 5 YEARS (remainder of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail to any address for A DOLLAR BILL. Sample of **FARM JOURNAL** and circular describing **BIGGLE BOOKS** free.

WILMER ATKINSON, Address, **FARM JOURNAL**, PHILADELPHIA.  
CHAS. F. JENKINS.

**RHEUMATISM**

Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The surest and the best. Sample sent free on mention of this publication. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEDICINE CO., South Bend, Indiana.

**RESTORED MANHOOD** DR. MOTT'S KIDNEY PILLS

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the male system, whether of old or young. It cures all cases of Impotency, Loss of Manhood, Neuritis, Night Sweats, Youthful Excess, Mental Weakness, excessive use of Tobacco, and all other causes of Nervousness and Debility. With every bottle sent we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold by all druggists, or direct from the manufacturer, DR. MOTT'S MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio, for \$2.00. Price, 50c. per box, 4 boxes for \$2.00.

**A. HOFFMAN & SON, W. H. PIERATT,**  
MANAGERS, SOLICITOR,  
MT. STERLING, KY. HAZEL GREEN, KY.

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**PRINTING** OF ALL KINDS NEATLY AND promptly done at this office.

**GREENE, EMBRY & CO.,**  
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Long Distance Telephone 7356. **ALL SALES GUARANTEED**



# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

## MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

My little sweetheart of long ago!  
I see her eyes and her wind-tossed hair,  
And the long, long way that we used to go  
On foot to school when the day was fair.  
The morning sun on our faces shone,  
And the world before us was all our own.  
We crossed the bridge at the end of the town,  
Beyond the hedges the meadow lay;  
We could look across where the sky came down,  
To the ends of the earth, and far away—  
And we thought, for the distance seemed  
So fair,  
That surely the gate of Heaven was there!  
We passed through the quiet woodland dell,  
Where the great trees met in an arching screen,  
And the glinting, wavering sunbeams fell,  
Like golden arrows, the beams between,  
Lighting the moss where the wind-flowers  
shook,  
And the violet slept in her velvet nook.  
Always row was that morning walk—  
So much to think, and so much to say,  
How full of wisdom our grave, sweet talk,  
What treasures we found along the way!  
Mid all the wealth in the haunts of men,  
Nothing so rare have we found since then!  
A tiny nest, where the eggs were five—  
An empty nest, by the pathway's edge;  
The myriad creatures that tell and thrive  
In mossy crevice and nook and ledge,  
Ant, and spider, and wood-mouse shy,  
Butterfly, moth, and dragon-fly.  
My little sweetheart of long ago!  
Though school has ended, and life's sad  
page,  
Has taught us more than we care to know,  
Have we wiser grown? Are we quite as  
wise  
As we were in that far, sweet dreamland,  
where  
We walked to school when the days were  
fair?  
—Madeline S. Bridges, in Youth's Companion.

## Cupid and the Law

By John Forbes

"GOOD-BY, good-bye; yes, we'll write  
and tell you all about it, and per-  
haps send you some of the drawn work."  
And with these and the other  
usual messages the train carrying the  
big excursion to Mexico pulled out of  
the station.

It was a common, everyday sight to  
the station hands, and they gave it  
only a passing glance. But to most of  
the travelers it was a novel experi-  
ence, and they looked on it as only the  
beginning of the days of sightseeing in  
the land of the Montezumas.

There were two passengers in one of  
the sleepers who attracted some atten-  
tion. One was a woman of 60, tall and  
straight, with a carriage like a queen  
and who seemed as young and gay as  
the youngest. The other called her  
"mother" and was about 25, a beautiful  
girl. Their son and brother had come  
to the station to bid them good-bye, a  
man of 30, well groomed and well made,  
the typical American man of that age.  
He had provided them with every-  
thing that his affection could suggest,  
and told them to be sure and let him  
know day by day where they were and  
if they were well.

"And you will look after mother,  
Alice, won't you?"  
As he spoke two young ladies turned  
and looked at him—his sister and a  
younger woman, about 22. She turned  
involuntarily, and the pretty blush  
that covered her cheek showed that her  
name was Alice, too.

Robert Duncan glanced at her and  
was struck by her beauty. But she  
saw his look and turned away and  
busied herself with her baggage. His  
mother and sister both noticed the co-  
incidence also and smiled.  
"So we will have two Alices along,"  
said his mother. "I hope we shall be-  
come acquainted with the young lady.  
She looks very pleasant and very nice."  
Just then the porter shouted "All  
aboard!" and Robert jumped from the  
train. As the car passed him he  
looked in vain for the faces of his moth-  
er and sister. But he did see the face  
of the other Alice looking at him with  
some curiosity.

Then he returned to his office. He  
was the junior partner in a prominent  
law firm in Boston, and had a hard  
afternoon of work before him. There  
was a brief in a case that had puzzled  
both himself and his partner. But try-  
ing as he would to concentrate his mind on  
his work, he could see nothing but the  
beautiful face at the car window and  
hear nothing but the drawing of the car  
wheels.

At last he became so nervous that he  
threw down his pen, and, telling the  
boy he would not be back till morning,  
he walked up across the common and  
the public garden to his home.

The evening at the theater did not  
help him, and he was rather horror-  
struck to find himself no better in the  
morning. This was a new experience  
for him. No woman had ever before  
come between him and his work. This  
was silly. He never saw the girl before  
and he never would see her again, of  
course. He must have dyspepsia.

So on his way to his office he made a  
call on his old college chum, now a  
promising young physician. He did not  
tell the doctor what the most promi-  
nent symptom was, but was sure he

needed medicine for dyspepsia. Ac-  
cordingly he felt rather foolish when  
he was obliged to say no to all the doc-  
tor's questions as to whether he had  
certain symptoms inseparable from  
gastric trouble.

The doctor laughed and gave him  
some harmless powder and he went to  
the office strong in his resolve to finish  
the brief. He made fairly good head-  
way, but still the image of the beauti-  
ful girl would come back to him, and  
as the day wore on, more distinctly.  
Late in the afternoon he got a telegram  
saying the party was at Chicago and  
signed "Alice." And that started it all  
over again.

Then he became alarmed and feared  
his mind was going. For he was not a  
believer in "love at first sight," or  
hardly in the grand passion itself.

Then he found himself with an al-  
most irresistible longing to take the first  
train and follow his folks. Of course  
he did not admit to himself that he  
wanted to see the other Alice.

That afternoon one of the firm's best  
clients came in. He said he contem-  
plated purchasing some thousand acres  
in Mexico with the idea of establishing  
a coffee plantation there. He was not  
satisfied with the title to the land, and  
felt that some one ought to go down  
there and look into the matter more  
closely. He could not spare the time,  
and came to them, thinking that pos-  
sibly some of their young men might  
have enough knowledge of Spanish to  
make the trip.

Robert Duncan regarded him as an  
angel, and said that as the office was  
not very busy just then he thought he  
should like to make the trip himself.  
This was better than the client expected,  
and the matter was soon fixed up.

"Perhaps you will meet your folks  
down there," said the senior partner.

"Why, perhaps I will," said Duncan,  
as if he had just thought of it. But he  
told his partner that it was hardly prob-  
able, as he was going down on the low-  
er table lands near the coast, and the  
excursions usually kept pretty well up  
on the higher plateaus.

That night before he started he got a  
letter from his mother, and in it she  
said: "Alice Chambers is lovely, and  
we enjoy her so much." So that was her  
name—Chambers.

The next morning he started. His  
journey was a tiresome one, and after  
several days spent on the train he found  
himself one glorious afternoon climb-  
ing a little mountain path on the back  
of a burro. Duncan had told his folks  
by wire of his intended trip, and found  
by looking over their itinerary that they



HE MADE FAIRLY GOOD HEADWAY,  
had passed quite near where he now  
was.

He had left the train at a little town  
through which they had passed some  
days previously, and was making his  
way into the country to interview an old  
Indian whom he expected to find the  
next morning. The title to Mexican  
landsoftendepends on information only  
obtainable from the kindly Indian.

That night he slept on his blanket  
under the stars, and early the next  
morning was pushing on, the path  
growing still wider and more beautiful.  
At last, about nine o'clock, he came  
over the spur of the mountain and  
looked down on a lovely valley. His  
guide and interpreter told him that in  
the little village which he could see was  
the old Indian.

About noon they arrived, the matter  
of the title was soon fixed up and ar-  
rangements were made to leave the  
next morning on the return trip. But  
that evening something happened that  
altered his plans.

A small party of the villagers who  
had been up on the mountain cutting  
wood had found a burro wandering  
alone. They did not recognize it as  
one of the village burros. It had a  
saddle on it, and tucked under one  
of the straps was a little glove. They  
knew that a young American or Euro-  
pean woman must have ridden the  
burro, and they began a hunt to find  
her.

Some miles back they found her un-  
conscious by the road, and putting her  
on the burro which they had led back  
they brought her into camp. As they  
brought her up Duncan walked up the  
little village street to see what the mat-  
ter was. He was astounded to see Alice  
Chambers on the back of the little mule.

She was still unconscious. One of the  
old women of the village took her into  
the little open shelter, and in a very  
few minutes she revived, and, opening  
her eyes, smiled a wan smile. When  
her eye caught that of Duncan's she  
started and he stepped up and said:

"I am Robert Duncan. Miss Cham-  
bers, and my mother and sister have  
been traveling with you. I am here on  
business, and will be happy to help you  
in any way possible. When you are  
stronger we shall be glad to hear your  
story."

She regained her vigor quickly under  
the ministrations of the old Indian  
woman, and soon told them that she  
had started out with a party to make an  
excursion to some famous caves. In  
some way she had become separated  
from the others and had tried to find  
her way back. She became confused,  
and, meeting several natives, they had  
tried to understand each other, with the  
result that she became more and more  
at sea.

She had eaten only what some kindly  
Indians had given her. At last she went  
so long without food that she felt a  
faintness coming over her, and she  
knew no more till she woke and found  
herself in the little village.

In a few days she was strong enough  
to travel, and Duncan made himself a  
demigod in the village by leaving a  
sum of money that to the Indians was  
fabulous. They calculated that the ex-  
cursion party must be at the City of  
Mexico, and when they reached the  
railroad they telegraphed the party. An  
answer came back which they got at a  
station further on. It said: "Thank  
God, she is found."

They were met at the station by an  
enthusiastic crowd made up of the ex-  
cursion party, the American minister  
and a great mob of Mexicans, who  
cheered the couple to the echo. In  
some way the story had gotten into the  
papers.

Duncan decided to stay for some days,  
and telegraphed his partner to that ef-  
fect, who wired back congratulations,  
and Duncan found himself a hero. He  
drove with them and went to see the  
sights.

One afternoon he asked Alice if she  
would drive with him to the grove of  
Chapultepec. They dismissed the  
coachman at the entrance and told him  
they would meet him there in a couple  
of hours. Then they wandered through  
the majestic grove, where it is al-  
ways twilight even at midday. They  
had been talking over their strange ex-  
perience. "Alice," said Duncan, "you  
of course know that everybody thinks  
you are my sweetheart and was before  
we left home?"

She blushed and owned that she had  
heard something to that effect.

"Well," said he, "why not make it  
true? Alice, I have loved you from the  
first day I saw you in the train in Bos-  
ton."

She looked up at him and said, archly:  
"Well, Robert, it was quite mutual. I  
assure you. O, there are some people  
coming. You mustn't."

From which, I infer, that he under-  
stood her to say: "Yes."—Boston  
Globe.

## East and West.

When one of the regiments of volun-  
teers from the Pacific coast was lately  
at San Francisco being mustered out,  
after a year's service in the Philippines,  
a lady who belonged to a volunteers  
aid association engaged one of the sol-  
diers in conversation. She asked him:  
"Were you well treated while you  
were in the east?"

"East, ma'am? I've never been east,"  
he answered. "I was born in California,  
and I've never been farther east than  
Salt Lake City."

"But I mean the far east," she said.

"Well, ma'am, Salt Lake's 'far east'  
to me. Never been farther."

"But you've been in Manila, haven't  
you?"  
"Sure."

"But we call that the east, you know."

"Manila east? Well, I reckon it's a  
heap west of here. We started here and  
sailed straight west all the time till we  
got there."

"Yes, I know; but you can get east by  
sailing west, you know."

"Well, ma'am," answered the soldier.

"I've been wantin' to go east all my life,  
but I've got to go that way to get  
there. I'm going to stay right here all  
my life! I've got enough of goin' east  
that way."—Youth's Companion.

## Exclusiveness of De Reszke.

Jean de Reszke is the only one of the  
grand opera singers whom it is impos-  
sible to hire for private musicales. He  
will sing an entire evening at the house  
of a fellow-artist, but becomes positive-  
ly angry when singing in private houses  
for money is suggested. He once visit-  
ed the house of the Rothschilds in Paris,  
and delighted his host by singing a  
number of songs. The baron, who had  
tried to get him to sing at private en-  
tertainments a number of times, but  
never succeeded, now resolved to re-  
ward the singer in what he considered  
the proper way. At the close of the  
evening he presented De Reszke with a  
blank check, signed, asking him to fill  
it up for any amount he wished. De  
Reszke took the check, and, as he tore  
it to pieces, said: "My friend, I am your  
guest. If I took your check I should  
deserve to be kicked from your door. I  
sang only for pleasure."—Chicago  
Times-Herald.

## Not the Right Sort.

Visitor—How do you like your new  
minister?  
Mrs. Muggs—He won't last very long.  
His wife is too worldly minded.

"Really?"  
"Yes. It's perfectly scandalous. All  
her dresses fit her."—N. Y. Weekly.

## NAVAJOS INCREASING.

The Tribe Is Prosperous and Their  
Numbers Have Doubled in  
Thirty Years.

Those who believe that decadence is  
the heritage of the American Indian  
would do well to study the Navajo tribe.  
In 1868 it numbered 12,000 souls. To-day,  
through natural increase and not  
through immigration, almost entirely  
without admixture of other blood, there  
are 22,000 Navajos. Every individual  
tribesman appears prosperous. Many  
of the bucks are rich, even from the  
standpoint of the white man. It is  
roughly though conservatively esti-  
mated that the tribe has 1,600,000 sheep,  
60,000 head of cattle, 300,000 goats and  
horses in such numbers as almost to  
defy enumeration. Horseflesh, indeed,  
is one of the main food staples. The  
ponies, not necessarily of poor stock,  
are unsalable, even at three dollars a  
head. A very large percentage of the  
wool crop is sold for shipment to Bos-  
ton, just as is sold the crop of the white  
woolgrower. The Navajo blankets are  
still famous, though the better speci-  
mens are to be had only on payment  
of seemingly exorbitant prices. One of  
the main sources of the tribe's revenue  
now is from the sale of blankets that  
cost the purchaser little if any more  
than would blankets of ordinary mill  
manufacture. Most of this modern  
weaving is done, singular to relate,  
with ordinary Germantown yarn,  
brought to Arizona for the Indians by  
the car load. If special colors are re-  
quired by the Indian weavers recourse  
is had to common dyes. Yet, despite  
this strange admixture of aboriginal  
handicraft and modern convenience, the  
Indian has never before so prospered.

Little assistance is received by the  
tribe from the general government, con-  
sisting only in occasional gifts of wag-  
ons and agricultural implements and  
in the support of schools. Throughout  
the Navajos have an independence that  
is refreshing. While they have a his-  
tory far from peaceful, the casual trav-  
eler across the reservation is as safe  
as he would be in a New England vil-  
lage. Prospectors they dislike, a dis-  
like shared by nearly all southwestern  
tribes. But they appreciate fully the  
power of the great chief in "Wash-  
ington" and rarely molest fellow tribes-  
men or whites. Rugged health is the  
attribute of almost every individual  
and there is every indication  
that coming centuries will know  
the Navajos as one of the  
most considerable of the subdivisions  
of population in the southwest.

The Navajo reservation is the larg-  
est in the union. Yet already it is too  
small for the expanding tribe, a fact ap-  
preciated in the Indian bureau. Ne-  
gotiations are in progress for the pur-  
chase by the government of a consid-  
erable number of land claims to the west-  
ward of the reservation. When these  
have been secured the reservation line  
will be moved a number of miles fur-  
ther toward the setting sun. This ad-  
vance of the Indian has in it nothing to  
cause apprehension to the white popu-  
lation of northern Arizona. A large  
part of the region now and hereafter  
to be occupied is only grazing land at  
the best, abounding in scenic features,  
but lacking in water.

The main property rights to be se-  
cured are at Tuba City, on Moen Copie  
Wash, 90 miles north of Flagstaff. Here  
Mormons, numbering 13 families, have  
been settled for 15 years. They culti-  
vate about 500 acres of land, irrigated  
by a never-failing flow from Moen  
Copie creek. At Tuba is expected to  
arise the metropolis of the Navajos.  
When the Mormons are dispossessed the  
rich land will be divided up among a  
number of the more industrious In-  
dians, and to start them well in mod-  
ern husbandry, the irrigation system  
is to be remodeled on the most approved  
lines. On the site of the present trader's  
store will be built an Indian school, for  
which an appropriation of \$45,000 has  
already been made. The older Indians  
are not averse to progress and send  
their children to school in all good will.  
The little ones are remarkably bright  
and learn English readily.

For such people as are these it is  
easy to prophesy a prosperous future.  
Yet pastoral must they ever remain,  
eventually to become supreme in the  
west in the rearing of range cattle and  
sheep. Their lands, with little excep-  
tion, are not arable and the scheme of  
farms in severalty will never be tried  
with them. The tribe must continue as  
a tribe, a nation within our nation, in-  
dependent, yet willingly subordinate to  
the white man's authority, with ad-  
vantage over the white man because  
untaxed, thrifty and ever wealthy in  
the abundance of their flocks.—Cinci-  
nati Enquirer.

## Never Visited Egypt.

The French people have erected at  
Chalon-sur-Marne a beautiful and cost-  
ly monument to Francois Chabas, the  
eminent Egyptologist, who when he be-  
gan to publish his works was a wine  
merchant. Curiously enough, this au-  
thority on things Egyptian never vis-  
ited Egypt. His only excursion abroad  
was to the museums of Italy, where he  
remained a few weeks in 1869.—N. Y.  
Sun.

## Bees and Memory.

A bee undoubtedly possesses a power-  
ful memory, says a scientist. This may  
not be true, but the man on whose neck  
one happens to camp certainly does.—  
Chicago Daily News.

## "He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last."

A hearty laugh indicates a degree  
of good health obtainable through  
pure blood. As but one person in ten  
pure blood, the other nine should pur-  
sue the blood with Hood's Sarsaparil.  
Then they can laugh first, last and  
the time, for

**Hood's Sarsaparil**  
Never Disappoints

## STORY SOUNDED WELL.

But There Was Reason to Believe  
That It Was Not Wholly  
True.

"When I first went west," tells a  
business man, who now does nothing but  
way of work except to mow the lawn, "I  
saw that the cat is in the barn at night."  
"This man," said the visiting neighbor  
who knew that this form of invitation was  
sufficient to insure the story.

"Yes, that's right. I hadn't lost the  
first finger when I was a boy. I wouldn't  
have now. Jim Dixon and I were travel-  
ing with the Indians. We exchanged words  
and bright, calm for furs. All the  
buffalo were not gone then and we did  
good business. One time we happened to  
strike a wandering band of savages that  
held us up on sight and it was plain to  
see that the red devils danced around us  
that we were to be put to death after the  
Indian fashion. All at once I recalled that  
a good many of the Indians knew me as the  
"four-fingered" trader who was always in  
the level with those wild men, and I  
held up the hand and kept it up till the  
young bucks let out a significant grin  
and then hurried to the chief in command.  
He came to me in a dignified manner, re-  
laxed the hand, grunted about 16 times,  
while deliberating, said "Haw," and released  
me as well as my partner. We were treated  
right up to the handle and permitted to de-  
part when we wanted to. It was the closest  
sneak and the worst scare I had out in that  
country where your calls and heart-thrill-  
ing fights were the rule."

"Have you," said one neighbor to an-  
other, as they walked away.

"Yes, regular big totem, if you accept  
he tells. Between me and you he lost his  
finger two years ago while examining a  
cat."—Detroit Free Press.

## VERY OBLIGING.

He Was Willing to Give the Vol-  
canic Vocalist a Good Hard  
Shove.

The young man who sings loud and long  
was interrupted by a tap at the door of his  
apartment.

"Excuse me," said the tall, thin stranger.  
"I am sorry to intrude. I occupy the flat  
under you, and I have come up to inquire  
if you are the gentleman who sings bal-  
lads."

"Yes," was the answer, with the air of a  
man who is modest, but cannot deny the  
truth. "Are you fond of music?"  
"I don't know that I am what you would  
call fond of it. At the same time I haven't  
anything particular against it. I am very  
much affected by some things I hear."  
"That amounts to the same thing as being  
fond of it," was the answer, in a tone of  
soothing encouragement.

"I have been wondering if I caught the  
words of your favorite song correctly. Let  
me see."

"How often, oh, how often."

"Have I wished that the clock were  
would be me away on its homeward  
"To the ocean wild and wide."

Is that right?"

"Yes, it's all right, according to my recol-  
lection. Is that one of the pieces you are af-  
fected by?"

"Yes, I have been affected by that for  
hours at a time. It has drawn me irresist-  
ibly to you. It has filled me with a yearn-  
ing to do something that would make you  
happier. And I called up to say that if  
you'd come down to the river with me to-  
night I'll pay your car fare and hire a  
boat and give you a good start on the first  
climbing tide scheduled. And I don't mind  
saying that the further out it bears on the  
better I'll be satisfied."—Washington Star.

Fact in Physiology.—"They say a man  
who turns pale when he gets mad is the most  
dangerous." "I guess that is so. A man  
who is scared nearly out of his boots will  
put up an awful fight."—Indianapolis Jour-  
nal.

Huntley—"Funny thing, that elopement  
of Miss Longwaite and young Snipper." Au-  
thor—"Elopement? That was an abduc-  
tion!"—Philadelphia North American.

There is always an ill-feeling between the  
doctor and the patient.—Golden Days.



Sick headache. Food doesn't dig-  
est well, appetite poor, bowels con-  
stipated, tongue coated. It's your  
liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills,  
easy and safe. They cure dyspep-  
sia, biliousness. 25c. All Druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful  
brown or rich black? Then use  
**BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers**  
50 CENTS OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

**CARTER'S INK**  
Too good and too cheap to be  
without it.

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup, Throat Lozenges, Use  
in all cases of Croup, Whooping Cough,  
Consumption.



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**KEEP WATCH OVER US**  
**Are Guarded by Angels Says**  
**Dr. Talmage.**  
**Angels Who Give Warning**  
**When Evil Approaches—Next to**  
**God, They Control Our**  
**Destiny.**  
(Copyright, 1899, Louis Klopsch.)  
The brilliant beings supposed by the Bible to be imaginary are by Dr. Talmage in his sermon shown to be real to have much to do with our everyday life. The text is Judges 13:19: "The angel did wondrously."  
The angel did wondrously. He was built on a rock. Manoah and his wife had there kindled the flames for the sacrifice in praise of God and in honor of a guest whom they supposed to be a man. But as the flame rose higher and higher their strange guest stepped into the flame and by one red leap ascended to the skies. Then they knew that was the angel of the Lord. "The angel did wondrously."  
Two hundred and forty-eight times the Bible refers to the angels, yet I never heard or read a sermon on angels. The whole subject is relegated to the realm mythical, weird, spectral and unknown. Such adjournment is Scriptural and wicked. Of their life, their character, their habits, their actions, their velocities, the Bible gives full length portraits, and why this prolonged and absolute silence concerning them? Angelology is my theme.  
There are two nations of angels, and they are hostile to each other—the nation of good angels and the nation of evil angels. Of the former I chiefly speak to-day. Their capital, their headquarters, their grand rendezvous, is heaven, but their empire is the universe. They are a distinct race of creatures. No human being can ever join their confraternity. The little child who in the Sabbath school sings: "I want to be an angel," will never have his wish gratified. They are superhuman, but they are of different grades and ranks, not all on the same level or of the same height. They have their superiors and inferiors and equals. I propose no guessing on this subject, but let the Bible be my authority. Plato, the philosopher, guessed and divided the angels into supercelestial, celestial and terrestrial. Dionysius, the Areopagite, guessed, and divided them into three classes, the supreme, the middle and the last, and each of these into three other classes, making nine in all. The angels were related to God, the rays of the sun. Fulgentius said that they were composed of body and spirit. Clement said they were incorporeal. Augustine said that they had been in danger of falling, but now are beyond being tempted. But the only authority on this subject that I respect is that they are divided into cherubim, seraphim, thrones, dominions, principalities, powers. Their commander in chief is Michael. Daniel called him Michael. St. John called him Michael. These supernal beings are more thoroughly organized than any army that ever marched. They are swifter than a cyclone that ever swept the sea. They are more radiant than any morning that ever came down the sky. They are more to do with your destiny and the fate of any being in the universe except God. May the Angel of the New Testament, who is the Lord Jesus, open our eyes and touch our tongue and use our soul while we speak of their angelhood, their intelligence, their numbers, their strength, their achievements.  
Yes, deathless. They had a cradle, but it will never have a grave. The Lord members when they were born, but no one shall ever see their eye extinguished or their momentum slow up. Their existence terminate. The oldest of them has not a wrinkle or a deepening of a hindrance, as young after 6,000 years as at the close of their first hour. Christ said to the good in heaven: "Neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels." Yes, deathless are these wonderful creatures of whom I speak. They will see world after world go out, and there shall be no fading of their own brilliance. Yea, after the last world is taken its last flight, they will be ready for the widest circuit through immensity, taking a quadrillion of miles in one sweep as easy as a pigeon circles a dovecote. They are never sick. They are never exhausted. They need no sleep, for they are never tired. At God's command they smote with death, in one night, 185,000 of Sennacherib's host, but no fatality can smite them. Awake, idle, multipotent, deathless, immortal! A further characteristic of these radiant folk is intelligence. The woman of Tekoah was right when she spoke of King David of the wisdom of an angel. We mortals take in what little we know through the eye and ear and nostril and touch, but those beings are no physical incensement, and hence they are all senses.  
There is only one thing that puts them to their wits' end, and the Bible says they have to study that. They have been studying it through all the ages, and yet I warrant they have not fully grasped it—the wonders of redemption. These wonders are so high,

so deep, so grand, so stupendous, so magnificent, that even the intelligence of angelhood is confounded before it. The apostle says: "Which things the angels desire to look into." That is a subject that excites inquisitiveness on their part. That is a theme that strains their faculties to the utmost. That is higher than they can climb, deeper than they can dive. They have a desire for something too big for their comprehension. "Which things the angels desire to look into." But that does not discredit their intelligence. No one but God Himself can fairly understand the wonders of redemption. If all Heaven should study it for 50 centuries, they would get no further than the A B C of that inexhaustible subject. But nearly all other realms of knowledge they have ransacked and explored and compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last word of the last line of the last page of the last volume of investigation, and what delights me most is that all their intelligence is to be at our disposal, and, coming into their presence, they will tell us in five minutes more than we can learn by 100 years of earthly surmising.  
Another remark I have to make concerning these illustrious immortals is that they are multitudinous. Their census has never been taken, and no one but God knows how many there are, but all the Bible accounts suggest their immense numbers—companies of them, regiments of them, armies of them, mountain tops haloed by them, skies populous with them. John speaks of angels and other beings round the throne as ten thousand times ten thousand. Now, according to my calculation, ten thousand times ten thousand are 100,000,000. But these are only the angels in one place. David counted 20,000 of them rolling down the sky in chariots. When God came away from the river rocks of Mount Sinai the Bible says He had the companionship of 10,000 angels. I think they are in every battle, in every exigency, at every birth, at every pillow, at every hour, at every moment, the earth full of them, the heavens full of them. They outnumber the human race in this world. They outnumber ransomed spirits in glory. When Abraham had his knife uplifted to slay Isaac it was an angel who arrested the stroke, crying: "Abraham, Abraham!" It was the stairway of angels that Jacob saw while pillowed in the wilderness. We are told an angel led the hosts of Israelites out of Egyptian serfdom. It was an angel that showed Hagar the fountain where she filled the bottle for the lad. It was an angel that took Lot out of doomed Sodom. It was an angel that shut up the mouth of the hungry monsters when Daniel was thrown into the caverns. It was an angel that fed Elijah under the juniper tree. It was an angel that announced to Mary the approaching nativity. They were angels that chanted when Christ was born. It was an angel that strengthened our Saviour in His agony. It was an angel that encouraged Paul in the Mediterranean shipwreck. It was an angel that burst open the prison gate after gate, until Peter was liberated. It was an angel that stirred the pool of Siloam, where the sick were healed. It was an angel that John saw flying through the midst of Heaven, and an angel with foot planted on the sea, and an angel that opened the book, and an angel that sounded the trumpet, and an angel that thrust in the sickle, and an angel that poured out the vials, and an angel standing in the sun. It will be an angel with uplifted hand swearing that time shall be no longer. In the great final harvest of the world the reapers are the angels. Yea, and the Lord shall be revealed from Heaven with mighty angels. Oh, the numbers and the might and the glory of these supernal fleets of them, squadrons of them, host beyond host, rank above rank, millions on millions, and all on our side if we will have them!  
What an incentive to purity and righteousness is this doctrine that we are continually under angelic observation! Eyes ever on you, so that the most secret misdeed is committed in the midst of an audience of immortals. No door so bolted, no darkness so Gimmerian, as to hinder that supernal eyesight. Not critical eyesight, not jealous eyesight, not baleful eyesight, but friendly eyesight, sympathetic eyesight, helpful eyesight. Confidential clerk of store, with great responsibility on your shoulder and no one to applaud your work when you do it well and sick with the world's ingratitude, think of the angels in the counting room raptured at your fidelity! Mother of household, stitching, mending, cooking, dusting, planning, up half the night or all night with the sick child, day in and day out, year in and year out, worn with the monotony of a life that no one seems to care for, think of the angels in the nursery, angels in all the rooms of your toiling, anguished about the sick cradle, and all in sympathy!  
Men and women of all circumstances, only partly appreciated or not appreciated by all, never feel lonely again or unregarded again! Angels all around; angels to approve, angels to help, angels to remember. Yea, while all the good angels are friends of the good, there is one special angel your bodyguard. This idea until this present study of angelology I supposed to be fanciful, but I find it clearly stated in the Bible. When the disciples were

praying for Peter's deliverance from prison and he appeared at the door of the prayer meeting, they could not believe it was Peter. They said: "It is an angel." So these disciples, in special nearness to Christ, evidently believed that every worthy soul has an angel. Jesus said of his followers: "Their angels behold the face of my Father." Elsewhere it is said: "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Angel-shielded, angel-protected, angel-guarded, angel-canopied, art thou! No wonder that Charles Wesley hymned these words:  
Which of the petty kings of earth  
Can boast a guard like ours,  
Encircled from our second birth  
With all the heavenly powers?  
Valerius and Rufinus were put to death for Christ's sake in the year 287, and after the day when their bodies had been whipped and pounded into a jelly, in the night in prison and before the next day when they were to be executed, they both thought they saw angels standing with two glittering crowns, saying: "Be of good cheer, valiant soldiers of Jesus Christ! A little more of battle, and then these crowns are yours." And I am glad to know that before many of those who have passed through great sufferings in this life some angel of God has held a blazing coronet of eternal reward. Yea, we are to have such a guardian angel to take us upward when our work is done. You know, we are told an angel conducted Lazarus to Abraham's bosom. That shows that none shall be so poor in dying he cannot afford angelic escort. It would be a long way to go alone, and up paths we have never trod, and amid blazing worlds swinging in unimaginable momentum, out and on through such distances and across such infinitudes of space we should shudder at the thought of going alone.  
But the angelic escort will come to your languishing pillow or the place of your fatal accident and say: "Hail immortal one! All is well. God hath sent me to take you home." And without tremor or slightest sense of peril you will away and upward, farther on and farther on, until after awhile Heaven heaves in sight and the rumble of chariot wheels and the roll of mighty harmonies are heard in the distance, and nearer you come, and nearer still, until the brightness is like many mornings suffused into one, and the gates lift, and you are inside the amethystine walls and on the banks of the jasper sea, forever safe, forever free, forever full, forever rested, forever united, forever happy. Mothers, do not think your little children go alone when they quit this world. Out of your arms into angelic arms, out of sickness into health, out of the cradle into a Saviour's bosom! Not an instant will the darlings be alone between the two kisses—the last kiss of earth and the first kiss of Heaven. "Now, angels, do your work!" cried an expiring Christian.  
Yes, a guardian angel for each one of you. Put yourself now in accord with him. When he suggests the right, follow it. When he warns you against the wrong, shun it. Sent forth from God to help you in this great battle against sin and death, accept His deliverance. When tempted to a feeling of loneliness and disheartenment, appropriate the promise: "The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear Him and delivereth them." Oh, I am so glad that the spaces between here and Heaven are thronged with these supernatural taking tidings home bringing messengers here, rolling back obstacles from our path and giving us defense, for terrific are the forces who dispute our way, and if the nation of the good angels is on our side the nation of bad angels is on the other. Paul had it right when he said: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." In that awful fight may God send us mighty angelic reinforcement! We want all their wings on our side, all their chariots on our side.  
Thank God that those who are for us are mightier than those who are against us! And that thought makes me jubilant as to the final triumph. Belgium, you know, was the battleground of England and France. Yea, Belgium more than once was the battleground of opposing nations. It so happens that this world is the Belgium or battleground between the angelic nations, good and bad. Michael, the commander in chief, on one side; Lucifer, as Byron calls him, or Mephistopheles, as Goethe calls him, or Satan, as the Bible calls him, the commander in chief on the other side. All pure angelhood under the one leadership and all abandoned angelhood under the other leadership. Many a skirmish have the two armies had, but the great and decisive battle is yet to be fought. Either from our earthly homes or down from our supernal residences may we come in on the right side, for on that side are God and Heaven and victory. Meanwhile the battle is being set in array, and the forces celestial and demoniacal are confronting each other. Hear the boom of the great cannonade already opened! Cherubim, seraphim, thrones, dominations, principalities, and powers are beginning to ride down their foes, and, until the work is completed, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon!"

**FEMININE FRILLS.**  
**Odds and Ends of Fashion That**  
**Are Seen in Fall**  
**Costumes.**  
Wine color is much talked of for fall and winter use. With the velvet hats, birds or flowers of a peculiar light shade of red are seen. Occasionally a dark wine-colored felt hat appears trimmed with velvet of the same shade, and the wine color appears as trimming for some of the outing hats. The big and broad turbans of fur and feathers are much seen, and are large and solid-looking. The fur or the feathers go around the sides, the middle being of velvet. Whole birds are seen on these hats, and a gorgeous parrot makes a conspicuous toque. Some English girls are wearing becoming hats of pale blue felt, which set off their bright complexions delightfully as they are intensified with black trimmings. A hat made for an American has the rim of black velvet, soft, pale blue felt crown, striped with black velvet and a black bird at the side.  
The most charming things are constantly appearing in gun metal. It is a metal that men particularly like for their own belongings. A jewel in the clasp of an article of gun metal may not be altogether appropriate, but it is attractive.  
There is talk sometimes of the passing of blossoms for weddings, but they have too many traditions clinging around them to cease to be used, and long sprays of them will be used at many fall weddings. The ever-present guimpe is to be seen in many wedding gowns and lace sleeves in several instances. Some of the gowns are elaborate, but a wedding gown of severely simple design is always pleasing. The girl who feels that the wedding service is a solemn rite likes to put some of that feeling into the cut of her frock.  
In one of the surface cars one day last week was a well-dressed man wearing what may have been a Fedora hat, but with the rim somewhat wider than usual, while around the crown was some white material laid in even folds and one end put under the other at the left side. It was an unusual hat for a man, and particularly noticeable, for next to the man sat a woman with a regular Fedora hat of the same color, gray, with the regulation black band. It looked as if the two had exchanged hats.  
Women who like a fine felt and a severely masculine style go directly to the men's shops and get a small-sized man's hat, with which they take a great deal of comfort. These fine felts are practically indestructible, can be rolled and tumbled and come out looking as good as new.  
Long coats reaching to the knees, with large hoods, are made of satin and trimmed with stitched bands of cloth in patterns. They make beautiful wraps for elderly women. A long circular wrap of black cloth is outlined with a fold of white silk braid and has a simulated yoke made of rows of folded braid stitched closely together.  
Some of the sleeves to the gowns with the sheathed skirts are so snug that they button from the wrist nearly to the elbow. —N. Y. Sun.  
**PAY FOR A SPOT.**  
**A Mother's Ingenious Little Idea for**  
**Teaching Children to**  
**Be Neat.**  
Two mothers of large families were discussing domestic matters one day, and the younger of the two spoke with a sigh of the way in which her tablecloths were spotted through the daily mishaps of her two boys.  
"Perhaps you'd like to know how I have helped my boys to be careful at the table," said the older woman; "it is the plan on which my mother brought me up, and I've never found a better."  
"The rule in our family," she proceeded, when urged by her friend to explain her method, "is this: Any one who makes a spot on the tablecloth must cover it with a piece of money, and the piece must be large enough to hide the stain entirely; no rims are allowed! The children have to provide the coins out of their own pocket money. This rule applies to their father and me as well as to them. The sum goes to buy new table linen."  
"The first year I tried the plan we had money enough for three handsome tablecloths, but since then there has been less and less. This is the fourth year, and although none of my boys has yet reached his fifteenth birthday, and they are by no means unusually deft in their management of knives, forks and spoons, they have learned to serve themselves and others so well that I am inclined to think their contributions to the 'tablecloth fund' will be very slight." —Youth's Companion.  
**Brown Fricassee.**  
Drain large oysters, and to the liquor add some dark, well-seasoned beef stock; cook ten minutes together, and strain. In a spider melt some butter, and let it slightly brown; then add half the quantity of flour as of butter, blend and brown—without burning—to a rich darkness; add the oysters, moving them about gently for a few seconds, then pour in enough of the strained stock to make a sauce of a medium consistency. Serve on small rounds of toast. —Woman's Home Companion.

**PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.**  
**Learned by Experience.—**Daughter—"What is the dead-letter office, mamma?" "Mamma—"Your father's pocket." —Brooklyn Life.  
**Pessimistic.**—"All weddings turn out about the same." "Yes; the woman's given away and the man gets sold." —Philadelphia Bulletin.  
**"Henpeck is a regular mouse in disposition, isn't he?"** "Heavens, no! His wife hasn't the slightest fear of him." —Philadelphia Record.  
**The Jay.**—"What made him take up the chimney sweep business?" The Josh—"Wanted to come out on top, I guess." —Kansas City Independent.  
**The Shoe Clerk.**—"Beg your pardon, madam, but it is a No. 5 shoe you want, instead of a No. 3." She—"No. 5? You must be thinking of the size of your hat." —Indianapolis Journal.  
**The More Essential Thing.**—Fudfly—"Maxim was a valuable man. It will be hard to find a man competent to step into his shoes." "Daddy—"And still more difficult to find a man who can fill his hat." —Boston Transcript.  
**"What is that man doing?"** asked the leader of a remote and unheard-of community. "Prospecting for gold." "Tell him to stop it! Does he want a lot of people to come down here with krag-jorgensen to civilize us?" —Washington Star.  
**"You'll have to give up drinking on account of your liver,"** said the doctor. "And I would advise you stop smoking because of your eyes and heart." "Doctor," groined the patient, "don't you think I'd better give up eating because of my stomach?" —Philadelphia North American.  
**TRAVELED AS A MAN.**  
**Adventures of a Woman Who Wanted to See the World as Men See It.**  
Here is the story of a woman who wanted to see the world, and saw it. Her ambition was not to see it through woman's eyes, but as men see it. There was only one way to do this, and that was to assume men's clothes. Being of masculine appearance this otherwise insurmountable difficulty was surmountable. Nettie Dickey, of Stanton, Del., lately returned home after her sixth tour as a man satisfied. She has taken to dresses again, and this time, she says, for good.  
She began her adventures six years ago. She was a country girl, but ambitious. One night when she was mending her brother's clothes the idea occurred to her. The next day she went to town and had her hair cut short, man fashion. That night she put on her brother's suit, pocketed her savings and set out on her travels. She walked three miles to Newark, boarded an express to Baltimore, and there got a boat for Norfolk. In two weeks her \$15 was gone, and she hired out to chop wood. But she did it so awkwardly that her employer became suspicious. He consulted his wife and they accused their woodchopper of being a woman. Her nerve broke down, and she confessed. A telegram was sent to her father, and he came after her and took her home.  
A year later the longing again laid hold of Nettie, and she was off again. She had saved quite a sum this time, and went to Chicago. She lived as a man among men, boarding at cheap lodging-houses and frequenting concert halls and saloons. Then her money gave out and she took to an empty box car, like many another tramp. Driven out of this, she slept in an empty track-house. Routed from this, she wandered about until picked up nearly dead of starvation and exposure. At the hospital her sex was discovered and she confessed and was sent home.  
Two years afterward she was off again, as before, in men's clothes. She saw Philadelphia and Boston and New York this time. She came to grief in the Bowery, was taken to Bellevue hospital, and from there sent home. Her fourth trip was to Pittsburgh, and this time experience had taught her that money had an end, and she got home on her last dollar without disaster.  
Her last two tours also had successful terminations. She always left home without warning and in men's clothes. She spent three weeks at an Atlantic City hotel last year, her sex unsuspected, and this year she managed to see New Orleans. She says now she has seen enough of the world and is content to remain home and be a woman for the rest of her life. —Chicago Times-Herald.  
**The Dog Expected It.**  
A New York society dame, who is an ardent upholder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, owns a little fox terrier of which she is exceedingly fond. A man who had called on her the other day was admiring the dog and asked its mistress how she, with all her humane theories, could have allowed the cruel dog fancier to cut off Snap's tail and ears to the fashionable degree of brevity. The dame drew herself up and replied, with some hauteur:  
"My dear sir, Snap expected it. Every thoroughbred fox terrier expects to have his tail and ears shortened." And that humbled man went away saying to himself: "That's the first time I ever thought of 'noblesse oblige' as applying to fox terriers." —N. Y. Tribune.



# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

## MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

My little sweetheart of long ago!  
I see her eyes and her wind-tossed hair,  
And the long, long way that we used to go  
On foot to school when the day was fair.  
The morning sun on our faces shone,  
And the world before us was all our own.

We crossed the bridge at the end of the town,  
Beyond the hedges the meadow lay;  
We could look across where the sky came down  
To the ends of the earth, and far away—  
And we thought, for the distance seemed  
So fair,  
That surely the gate of Heaven was there!

We passed through the quiet woodland dell,  
Where the great trees met in an arching screen,  
And the glinting, wavering sunbeams fell,  
Like golden arrows, the bows between,  
Lighting the moss where the wind-flowers shook,  
And the violet slept in her velvet nook.

Always row was that morning walk—  
So much to think, and so much to say,  
How full of wisdom our grave, sweet talk,  
What treasures we found along the way!  
Mid all the wealth in the haunts of men,  
Nothing so rare have we found since then!

A tiny nest, where the eggs were five—  
An empty nest, by the pathway's edge;  
The myriad creatures that toil and thrive  
In mossy crevice and nook and ledge,  
Ant, and spider, and wood-mouse shy,  
Butterfly, moth, and dragon-fly.

My little sweetheart of long ago!  
Though school has ended, and life's sad  
Has taught us more than we care to know,  
Have we wiser grown? Are we quite as  
sage  
As we were in that far, sweet dreamland,  
where  
We walked to school when the days were  
fair?

—Madelaine S. Bridges, in Youth's Companion.

## Cupid and the Law

By John Forbes.

"GOOD-BY, good-by; yes, we'll write and tell you all about it, and perhaps send you some of the drawn work."

And with these and the other usual messages the train carrying the big excursion to Mexico pulled out of the station.

It was a common, everyday sight to the station hands, and they gave it only a passing glance. But to most of the travelers it was a novel experience, and they looked on it as only the beginning of the days of sightseeing in the land of the Montezumas.

There were two passengers in one of the sleepers who attracted some attention. One was a woman of 60, tall and straight, with a carriage like a queen and who seemed as young and gay as the youngest. The other called her "mother" and was about 25, a beautiful girl. Their son and brother had come to the station to bid them good-bye, a man of 30, well groomed and well made, the typical American man of that age.

He had provided them with everything that his affection could suggest, and told them to be sure and let him know day by day where they were and if they were well.

"And you will look after mother, Alice, won't you?"

As he spoke two young ladies turned and looked at him—his sister and a younger woman, about 22. She turned involuntarily, and the pretty blush that covered her cheek showed that her name was Alice, too.

Robert Duncan glanced at her and saw struck by her beauty. But she saw his look and turned away and busied herself with her baggage. His mother and sister both noticed the coincidence also and smiled.

"So we will have two Alices along," said his mother. "I hope we shall become acquainted with the young lady. She looks very pleasant and very nice."

Just then the porter shouted "All aboard!" and Robert jumped from the train. As the car passed him he looked in vain for the faces of his mother and sister. But he did see the face of the other Alice looking at him with some curiosity.

Then he returned to his office. He was the junior partner in a prominent law firm in Boston, and had a hard afternoon of work before him. There was a brief in a case that had puzzled both himself and his partner. But try as he would to concentrate his mind on his work, he could see nothing but the beautiful face at the car window and hear nothing but the droning of the car wheels.

At last he became so nervous that he threw down his pen, and, telling the boy he would not be back till morning, he walked up across the common and the public garden to his home.

The evening at the theater did not help him, and he was rather horror-struck to find himself no better in the morning. This was a new experience for him. No woman had ever before come between him and his work. This was silly. He never saw the girl before and he never would see her again, of course. He must have dyspepsia.

So on his way to his office he made a call on his old college chum, now a promising young physician. He did not tell the doctor what the most prominent symptom was, but was sure he

needed medicine for dyspepsia. Accordingly he felt rather foolish when he was obliged to say no to all the doctor's questions as to whether he had certain symptoms inseparable from gastric trouble.

The doctor laughed and gave him some harmless powder and he went to the office strong in his resolve to finish the brief. He made fairly good headway, but still the image of the beautiful girl would come back to him, and as the day wore on, more distinctly. Late in the afternoon he got a telegram saying the party was at Chicago and signed "Alice." And that started it all over again.

Then he became alarmed and feared his mind was going. For he was not a believer in "love at first sight," or hardly in the grand passion itself.

Then he found himself with an almost irresistible longing to take the first train and follow his folks. Of course he did not admit to himself that he wanted to see the other Alice.

That afternoon one of the firm's best clients came in. He said he contemplated purchasing some thousand acres in Mexico with the idea of establishing a coffee plantation there. He was not satisfied with the title to the land, and felt that some one ought to go down there and look into the matter more closely. He could not spare the time, and came to them, thinking that possibly some of their young men might have enough knowledge of Spanish to make the trip.

Robert Duncan regarded him as an angel, and said that as the office was not very busy just then he thought he should like to make the trip himself. This was better than the client expected and the matter was soon fixed up.

"Perhaps you will meet your folks down there," said the senior partner.

"Why, perhaps I will," said Duncan, as if he had just thought of it. But he told his partner that it was hardly probable, as he was going down on the lower table lands near the coast, and the excursions usually kept pretty well up on the higher plateaus.

That night before he started he got a letter from his mother, and in it she said: "Alice Chambers is lovely, and we enjoy her so much." So that was her name—Chambers.

The next morning he started. His journey was a tiresome one, and after several days spent on the train he found himself one glorious afternoon climbing a little mountain path on the back of a burro. Duncan had told his folks by wire of his intended trip, and found by looking over their itinerary that they



HE MADE FAIRLY GOOD HEADWAY.

had passed quite near where he now was.

He had left the train at a little town through which they had passed some days previously, and was making his way into the country to interview an old Indian whom he expected to find the next morning. The title to Mexican landsoftendepends on information only obtainable from the kindly Indian.

That night he slept on his blanket under the stars, and early the next morning was pushing on, the path growing still wider and more beautiful. At last, about nine o'clock, he came over the spur of the mountain and looked down on a lovely valley. His guide and interpreter told him that in the little village which he could see was the old Indian.

About noon they arrived, the matter of the title was soon fixed up and arrangements were made to leave the next morning on the return trip. But that evening something happened that altered his plans.

A small party of the villagers who had been up on the mountain cutting wood had found a burro wandering alone. They did not recognize it as one of the village burros. It had a side saddle on it, and tucked under one of the straps was a little glove. They knew that a young American or European woman must have ridden the burro, and they began a hunt to find her.

Some miles back they found her unconscious by the road, and putting her on the burro which they had led back they brought her into camp. As they brought her up Duncan walked up the little village street to see what the matter was. He was astounded to see Alice Chambers on the back of the little mule.

She was still unconscious. One of the old women of the village took her into the little open shelter, and in a very few minutes she revived, and, opening her eyes, smiled a wan smile. When her eye caught that of Duncan's she started and he stepped up and said:

"I am Robert Duncan, Miss Chambers, and my mother and sister have been traveling with you. I am here on business, and will be happy to help you in any way possible. When you are stronger we shall be glad to hear your story."

She regained her vigor quickly under the ministrations of the old Indian woman, and soon told them that she had started out with a party to make an excursion to some famous caves. In some way she had become separated from the others and had tried to find her way back. She became confused, and, meeting several natives, they had tried to understand each other, with the result that she became more and more at sea.

She had eaten only what some kindly Indians had given her. At last she went so long without food that she felt a faintness coming over her, and she knew no more till she woke and found herself in the little village.

In a few days she was strong enough to travel, and Duncan made himself a demi-god in the village by leaving a sum of money that to the Indians was fabulous. They calculated that the excursion party must be at the City of Mexico, and when they reached the railroad they telegraphed the party. An answer came back which they got at a station further on. It said: "Thank God, she is found."

They were met at the station by an enthusiastic crowd made up of the excursion party, the American minister and a great mob of Mexicans, who cheered the couple to the echo. In some way the story had gotten into the papers.

Duncan decided to stay for some days, and telegraphed his partner to that effect, who wired back congratulations, and Duncan found himself a hero. He drove with them and went to see the sights.

One afternoon he asked Alice if she would drive with him to the grove of Chapultepec. They dismissed the coachman at the entrance and told him they would meet him there in a couple of hours. Then they wandered through the majestic grove, where it is always twilight even at midday. They had been talking over their strange experience. "Alice," said Duncan, "you of course know that everybody thinks you are my sweetheart and was before we left home?"

She blushed and owned that she had heard something to that effect.

"Well," said he, "why not make it true? Alice, I have loved you from the first day I saw you in the train in Boston."

She looked up at him and said, archly: "Well, Robert, it was quite mutual. I assure you. O, there are some people coming. You mustn't."

From which, I infer, that he understood her to say: "Yes."—Boston Globe.

## East and West.

When one of the regiments of volunteers from the Pacific coast was lately at San Francisco being mustered out, after a year's service in the Philippines, a lady who belonged to a volunteers' aid association engaged one of the soldiers in conversation. She asked him: "Were you well treated while you were in the east?"

"East, ma'am? I've never been east," he answered. "I was born in California, and I've never been farther east than Salt Lake City."

"But I mean the far east," she said.

"Well, ma'am, Salt Lake's far east to me. Never been farther."

"But you've been in Manila, haven't you?"

"Sure."

"But we call that the east, you know."

"Manila east? Well, I reckon it's a heap west of here. We started here and sailed straight west all the time till we got there."

"Yes, I know; but you can get east by sailing west, you know."

"Well, ma'am," answered the soldier, "I've been wantin' to go east all my life, but if I've got to go that way to get there, I'm going to stay right here all my life! I've got enough of gain' east that way."—Youth's Companion.

## Exclusiveness of De Reszke.

Jean de Reszke is the only one of the grand opera singers whom it is impossible to hire for private musicales. He will sing an entire evening at the house of a fellow-artist, but becomes positively angry when singing in private houses for money is suggested. He once visited the house of the Rothschilds in Paris, and delighted his host by singing a number of songs. The baron, who had tried to get him to sing at private entertainments a number of times, but never succeeded, now resolved to reward the singer in what he considered the proper way. At the close of the evening he presented De Reszke with a blank check, signed, asking him to fill it up for any amount he wished. De Reszke took the check, and, as he tore it to pieces, said: "My friend, I am your guest. If I took your check I should deserve to be kicked from your door. I sang only for pleasure."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Not the Right Sort.

Visitor—How do you like your new minister?

Mrs. Muggs—He won't last very long. His wife is too worldly minded.

"Really?"

"Yes. It's perfectly scandalous. All her dresses fit her."—N. Y. Weekly.

## NAVAJOS INCREASING.

The Tribe Is Prosperous and Their Numbers Have Doubled in Thirty Years.

Those who believe that decadence is the heritage of the American Indian would do well to study the Navajo tribe. In 1868 it numbered 12,000 souls. To-day, through natural increase and not through immigration, almost entirely without admixture of other blood, there are 22,000 Navajos. Every individual tribesman appears prosperous. Many of the bucks are rich, even from the standpoint of the white man. It is roughly though conservatively estimated that the tribe has 1,600,000 sheep, 60,000 head of cattle, 300,000 goats and horses in such numbers as almost to defy enumeration. Horseflesh, indeed, is one of the main food staples. The ponies, not necessarily of poor stock, are unsalable, even at three dollars a head. A very large percentage of the wool crop is sold for shipment to Boston, just as is sold the crop of the white woolgrower. The Navajo blankets are still famous, though the better specimens are to be had only on payment of seemingly exorbitant prices. One of the main sources of the tribe's revenue now is from the sale of blankets that cost the purchaser little if any more than would blankets of ordinary mill manufacture. Most of this modern weaving is done, singular to relate, with ordinary Germantown yarn, brought to Arizona for the Indians by the car load. If special colors are required by the Indian weavers recourse is had to common dyes. Yet, despite this strange admixture of aboriginal handicraft and modern convenience, the Indian has never before so prospered.

Little assistance is received by the tribe from the general government, consisting only in occasional gifts of wagons and agricultural implements and in the support of schools. Throughout the Navajos have an independence that is refreshing. While they have a history far from peaceful, the casual traveler across the reservation is as safe as he would be in a New England village. Prospects they dislike, a dislike shared by nearly all southwestern tribes. But they appreciate fully the power of the great chief in "Washington" and rarely molest fellow tribesmen or whites. Rugged health is the attribute of almost every individual and there is every indication that coming centuries will know the Navajos as one of the most considerable of the subdivisions of population in the southwest.

The Navajo reservation is the largest in the union. Yet already it is too small for the expanding tribe, a fact appreciated in the Indian bureau. Negotiations are in progress for the purchase by the government of a considerable number of land claims to the westward of the reservation. When these have been secured the reservation line will be moved a number of miles further toward the setting sun. This advance of the Indian has in it nothing to cause apprehension to the white population of northern Arizona. A large part of the region now and hereafter to be occupied is only grazing land at the best, abounding in scenic features, but lacking in water.

The main property rights to be secured are at Tuba City, on Moen Copie Wash, 90 miles north of Flagstaff. Here Mormons, numbering 13 families, have been settled for 15 years. They cultivate about 500 acres of land, irrigated by a never-failing flow from Moen Copie creek. At Tuba is expected to arise the metropolis of the Navajos. When the Mormons are dispossessed the rich land will be divided up among a number of the more industrious Indians, and to start them well in modern husbandry, the irrigation system is to be remodeled on the most approved lines. On the site of the present trader's store will be built an Indian school, for which an appropriation of \$45,000 has already been made. The older Indians are not averse to progress and send their children to school in all good will. The little ones are remarkably bright and learn English readily.

For such people as are these it is easy to prophesy a prosperous future. Yet pastoral must they ever remain, eventually to become supreme in the west in the rearing of range cattle and sheep. Their lands, with little exception, are not arable and the scheme of farms in severalty will never be tried with them. The tribe must continue as a tribe, a nation within our nation, independent, yet willingly subordinate to the white man's authority, with advantage over the white man because unfatigued, thrifty and ever wealthy in the abundance of their flocks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Never Visited Egypt.

The French people have erected at Chalonsur-Marne a beautiful and costly monument to Francois Chabas, the eminent Egyptologist, who when he began to publish his works was a wine merchant. Curiously enough, this authority on things Egyptian never visited Egypt. His only excursion abroad was to the museums of Italy, where he remained a few weeks in 1869.—N. Y. Sun.

## Bees and Memory.

A bee undoubtedly possesses a powerful memory, says a scientist. "This may not be true, but the man on whose neck one happens to camp certainly does."—Chicago Daily News.

## "He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last."

A hearty laugh indicates a degree of good health obtainable through pure blood. As but one person in ten has pure blood, the other nine should purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then they can laugh first, last and the time, for

Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Never Disappoints

## STORY SOUNDED WELL.

But There Was Reason to Believe That It Was Not Wholly True.

"When I first went west," tells a retired business man, who now does nothing in the way of work except to mow the lawn and see that the cat is in the barn at night, "this maimed hand saved my life." "Is that so?" asked the visiting neighbor, who knew that this form of invitation would be sufficient to insure the story.

"Yes, that's right. If I hadn't lost that first finger when I was a boy I wouldn't be here now. Jim Dixon and I were trading with the Indians. We exchanged beads, jewelry and bright calico for furs. All the buffalo were not gone then and we did a good business. One time we happened to strike a wandering band of savages that held us up on sight and it was plain from the way the red devils danced around us that we were to be put to death after the Indian fashion. All at once I recalled that a good many of the Indians knew me as the 'four-fingered' trader who was always on the level with those wild merchants, so I held up the hand and kept it up till one of the young bucks let out a significant grunt and then turned to the chief in command. He came to me in a dignified manner, examined the hand, granted about 16 times while deliberating, said 'How,' and released me as well as my partner. We were treated right up to the handle and permitted to depart when we wanted to. It was the closest squeak and the worst scare I had out in that country when near falls and heart failure frights were the rule."

"Brave man," said one neighbor to another, as they walked away.

"Yes, regular big injun, if you accept all he tells. Between me and you he lost that finger two years ago while examining a hap cutty."—Detroit Free Press.

## VERY OBLIGING.

He Was Willing to Give the Volcanic Vocalist a Good Hard Shove.

The young man who sings loud and long was interrupted by a tap at the door of his apartment.

"Excuse me," said the tall, thin stranger, "I am sorry to intrude. I occupy the flat under you, and I have come up to inquire if you are the gentleman who sings his 'Lads.'"

"Yes," was the answer, with the air of a man who is modest, but cannot deny the truth. "Are you fond of music?"

"I don't know that I am what you would call fond of it. At the same time I haven't anything particular against it. I am very much affected by some things I hear."

"That amounts to the same thing as being fond of it," was the answer, in a tone of soothing encouragement.

"I have been wondering if I caught the words of your favorite song correctly. Let me see."

"How often, oh, how often. Have I wished that the children tide Would bear me away on its bosom To the ocean wild and wide."

Is that right?"

"Yes, it's all right, according to my recollection. Is that one of the pieces you are after by?"

"Yes, I have been affected by that for years at a time. It has drawn me irresistibly to you. It has filled me with a yearning to do something that would make you happier. And I called up to say that if you'd come down to the river with me any evening I'll pay your car fare and hire a boat and give you a good start on the first ebbing tide scheduled. And I don't mind saying that the further out it bears you the better I'll be satisfied."—Washington Star.

Fact in Physiology.—"They say a man who turns pale when he gets mad is the most dangerous." "I guess that is so. A man who is scared nearly out of his boots will put up an awful fight."—Indianapolis Journal.

Humility.—"Funny thing, that elopement of Miss Longworth and young Snipper." Author—"Elopement? That was an abduction!"—Philadelphia North American.

There is always an ill-feeling between the doctor and the patient.—Golden Days.



Sick headache. Food doesn't digest well, appetite poor, bowels constipated, tongue coated. It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, easy and safe. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness. 25c. All Druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers.

CARTER'S INK  
Too good and too cheap to be without it.

PISO'S CURE FOR  
CURES WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.  
CONSUMPTION.



## KEEP WATCH OVER US

Are Guarded by Angels Says  
Dr. Talmage.

Personal Beings Who Give Warning  
When Evil Approaches—Next to  
God, They Control Our  
Destiny.

(Copyright, 1899, Louis Klopsch.)

The brilliant beings supposed by some to be imaginary are by Dr. Talmage in his sermon shown to be real. He has much to do with our every life. The text is Judges 13:19: "The angel did wondrously." We are built on a rock. Man and his wife had their kindled flames for sacrifice in praise of God and in honor of a guest whom they supposed to be a man. But as the flame rose higher and higher their strange guest stepped into the flame and by one red leap ascended to the skies. Then they knew that was angel of the Lord. "The angel did wondrously."

Two hundred and forty-eight times the Bible refers to the angels, yet I never heard or read a sermon on angelology. The whole subject is relegated to the realm of the mythical, weird, spectral and unknown. Such adjournment is scriptural and wicked. Of their life, their character, their habits, their actions, their velocities, the Bible gives full length portraits, and why this prolonged and absolute silence concerning them? Angelology is my theme.

There are two nations of angels, and they are hostile to each other—the nation of good angels and the nation of bad angels. Of the former I chiefly speak to-day. Their capital, their headquarters, their grand rendezvous, is heaven, but their empire is the universe. They are a distinct race of creatures. No human being can ever join their confraternity. The little child who in the Sabbath school sings: "I want to be an angel," will never have a wish gratified. They are superhuman, but they are of different grades and ranks, not all on the same level or of the same height. They have their superiors and inferiors and equals. I propose no guessing on this subject, but let the Bible be my authority. Plato, the philosopher, guessed and divided angels into supercelestial, celestial and subcelestial. Dionysius, the Areopagite, guessed, and divided them into three classes, the supreme, the middle and the last, and each of these into three other classes, making nine in all. Who said angels were related to God, the rays of the sun. Paganism said that they were composed of body and spirit. Clement said they were incorporeal. Augustine said that they had been in danger of falling, but now are being tempted. But the only authority on this subject that I respect is the Bible. They are divided into cherubim, seraphim, thrones, dominions, principalities, powers. Their commander in chief is Michael. Daniel called him Michael. St. John called him Michael. These supernatural beings are more thoroughly organized than any army that ever marched. They are swifter than any cyclone that ever swept the seas; they are more radiant than any morning that ever came down the sky. They are more to do with your destiny and the fate of any being in the universe except God. May the Angel of the New Testament, who is the Lord Jesus, open our eyes and touch our tongue and use our soul while we speak of their nobleness, their intelligence, their numbers, their strength, their achievements.

Yes, deathless. They had a cradle, it will never have a grave. The Lord members when they were born, but no one shall ever see their eye extinguished or their momentum slow up of their existence terminate. The oldest of them has not a wrinkle or a drop of age or a hindrance, as young for 6,000 years as at the close of their first hour. Christ said to the good in heaven: "Neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels." Yes, deathless are these wonderful creatures of whom I speak. They will see world after world go out, and there shall be no fading of their own brilliance. Yea, after the last world is taken its last flight, they will be ready for the widest circuit through infinity, taking a quadrillion of miles in one sweep as easy as a pigeon circles a dovecote. They are never sick. They are never exhausted. They need no sleep, for they are never tired. At God's command they smote with death, in one night, 185,000 of Sennacherib's host, but no fatality came to them. Awake, idle, multipotent, deathless, immortal! A further characteristic of these radiant folk is intelligence. The woman Tekoah was right when she spoke of King David of the wisdom of an angel. We mortals take in what little we know through the eye and ear and smell and touch, but those beings have no physical incasement, and hence they are all senses.

There is only one thing that puts them to their wits' end, and the Bible says they have to study that. They have been studying it through all the ages, and yet I warrant they have not fully grasped it—the wonders of redemption. These wonders are so high,

so deep, so grand, so stupendous, so magnificent, that even the intelligence of angelhood is confounded before it. The apostle says: "Which things the angels desire to look into." That is a subject that excites inquisitiveness on their part. That is a theme that strains their faculties to the utmost. That is higher than they can climb, deeper than they can dive. They have a desire for something too big for their comprehension. "Which things the angels desire to look into." But that does not discredit their intelligence. No one but God Himself can fairly understand the wonders of redemption. If all Heaven should study it for 50 centuries, they would get no further than the A B C of that inexhaustible subject. But nearly all other realms of knowledge they have ransacked and explored and compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last word of the last line of the last page of the last volume of investigation, and what delights me most is that all their intelligence is to be at our disposal, and, coming into their presence, they will tell us in five minutes more than we can learn by 100 years of earthly surmising.

Another remark I have to make concerning these illustrious immortals is that they are multitudinous. Their census has never been taken, and no one but God knows how many there are, but all the Bible accounts suggest their immense numbers—companies of them, regiments of them, armies of them, mountain tops haloed by them, skies populous with them. John speaks of angels and other beings round the throne as ten thousand times ten thousand. Now, according to my calculation, ten thousand times ten thousand are 100,000,000. But these are only the angels in one place. David counted 20,000 of them rolling down the sky in chariots. When God came away from the river rocks of Mount Sinai the Bible says He had the companionship of 10,000 angels. I think they are in every battle, in every exigency, at every birth, at every pillow, at every hour, at every moment, the earth full of them, the heavens full of them. They outnumber the human race in this world. They outnumber ransomed spirits in glory. When Abraham had his knife uplifted to slay Isaac it was an angel who arrested the stroke, crying: "Abraham, Abraham!" It was the stairway of angels that Jacob saw while pillowed in the wilderness. We are told an angel led the hosts of Israelites out of Egyptian servitude. It was an angel that showed Hagar the fountain where she filled the bottle for the lad. It was an angel that took Lot out of doomed Sodom. It was an angel that shut up the mouth of the hungry monsters when Daniel was thrown into the caverns. It was an angel that fed Elijah under the juniper tree. It was an angel that announced to Mary the approaching nativity. They were angels that chanted when Christ was born. It was an angel that strengthened our Saviour in His agony. It was an angel that encouraged Paul in the Mediterranean shipwreck. It was an angel that burst open the prison gate after gate, until Peter was liberated. It was an angel that stirred the pool of Siloam, where the sick were healed. It was an angel that John saw flying through the midst of Heaven, and an angel with foot planted on the sea, and an angel that opened the book, and an angel that sounded the trumpet, and an angel that thrust in the sickle, and an angel that poured out the vials, and an angel standing in the sun. It will be an angel with uplifted hand swearing that time shall be no longer. In the great final harvest of the world the reapers are the angels. Yea, and the Lord shall be revealed from Heaven with mighty angels. Oh, the numbers and the might and the glory of these supernals—fleets of them, squadrons of them, host beyond host, rank above rank, millions on millions, and all on our side if we will have them!

What an incentive to purity and righteousness is this doctrine that we are continually under angelic observation! Eyes ever on you, so that the most secret misdeed is committed in the midst of an audience of immortals. No door so bolted, no darkness so impenetrable, as to hinder that supernatural eyesight. Not critical eyesight, not jealous eyesight, not baleful eyesight, but friendly eyesight, sympathetic eyesight, helpful eyesight. Confidential clerk of store, with great responsibility on your shoulder and no one to applaud your work when you do it well and sick with the world's ingratitude, think of the angels in the counting room raptured at your fidelity! Mother of household, stitching, mending, cooking, dusting, planning, up half the night or all night with the sick child, day in and day out, year in and year out, worn with the monotony of a life that no one seems to care for, think of the angels in the nursery, angels in all the rooms of your toiling, angels about the sick cradle, and all in sympathy!

Men and women of all circumstances, only partly appreciated or not appreciated by all, never feel lonely again or unregarded again! Angels all around; angels to approve, angels to help, angels to remember. Yea, while all the good angels are friends of the good, there is one special angel your bodyguard. This idea until this present study of angelology I supposed to be fanciful, but I find it clearly stated in the Bible. When the disciples were

praying for Peter's deliverance from prison and he appeared at the door of the prayer meeting, they could not believe it was Peter. They said: "It is an angel." So these disciples, in special nearness to Christ, evidently believed that every worthy soul has an angel. Jesus said of his followers: "Their angels behold the face of my Father." Elsewhere it is said: "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Angel-shielded, angel-protected, angel-guarded, angel-canopied, art thou! No wonder that Charles Wesley hymned these words:

Which of the petty kings of earth  
Can boast a guard like ours,  
Encircled from our second birth  
With all the heavenly powers?

Valerius and Rufinus were put to death for Christ's sake in the year 287, and after the day when their bodies had been whipped and pounded into a jelly, in the night in prison and before the next day when they were to be executed, they both thought they saw angels standing with two glittering crowns, saying: "Be of good cheer, valiant soldiers of Jesus Christ! A little more of battle, and then these crowns are yours." And I am glad to know that before many of those who have passed through great sufferings in this life some angel of God has held a blazing coronet of eternal reward. Yea, we are to have such a guardian angel to take us upward when our work is done. You know, we are told an angel conducted Lazarus to Abraham's bosom. That shows that none shall be so poor in dying he cannot afford angelic escort. It would be a long way to go alone, and up paths we have never trod, and amid blazing worlds swinging in unimaginable momentum, out and on through such distances and across such infinitudes of space we should shudder at the thought of going alone.

But the angelic escort will come to your languishing pillow or the place of your fatal accident and say: "Hail immortal one! All is well. God hath sent me to take you home." And with out tremor or slightest sense of peril you will away and upward, farther on and farther on, until after awhile Heaven heaves in sight and the rumble of chariot wheels and the roll of mighty harmonies are heard in the distance, and nearer you come, and nearer still, until the brightness is like many mornings suffused into one, and the gates lift, and you are inside the amethystine walls and on the banks of the jasper sea, forever safe, forever free, forever well, forever rested, forever united, forever happy. Mothers, do not think your little children go alone when they quit this world. Out of your arms into angelic arms, out of sickness into health, out of the cradle into a Saviour's bosom! Not an instant will the darlings be alone between the two kisses—the last kiss of earth and the first kiss of Heaven. "Now, angels, do your work!" cried an expiring Christian.

Yes, a guardian angel for each one of you. Put yourself now in accord with him. When he suggests the right, follow it. When he warns you against the wrong, shun it. Sent forth from God to help you in this great battle against sin and death, accept His deliverance. When tempted to a feeling of loneliness and disenchantment, appropriate the promise: "The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear Him and delivereth them." Oh, I am so glad that the spaces between here and Heaven are thronged with these supernatural taking tidings home bringing messengers here, rolling back obstacles from our path and giving us defense, for terrible are the forces who dispute our way, and if the nation of the good angels is on our side the nation of bad angels is on the other. Paul had it right when he said: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." In that awful fight may God send us mighty angelic reinforcement! We want all their wings on our side, all their chariots on our side.

Thank God that those who are for us are mightier than those who are against us! And that thought makes me jubilant as to the final triumph. Belgium, you know, was the battleground of England and France. Yea, Belgium more than once was the battleground of opposing nations. It so happens that this world is the Belgium or battleground between the angelic nations, good and bad. Michael, the commander in chief, on one side; Lucifer, as Byron calls him, or Mephistopheles, as Goethe calls him, or Satan, as the Bible calls him, the commander in chief on the other side. All pure angelhood under the other leadership and all abandoned angelhood under the other leadership. Many a skirmish have the two armies had, but the great and decisive battle is yet to be fought. Either from our earthly homes or down from our supernal residences may we come in on the right side, for on that side are God and Heaven and victory. Meanwhile the battle is being set in array, and the forces celestial and demoniacal are confronting each other. Hear the boom of the great cannonade already opened! Cherubim, seraphim, thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers are beginning to ride down their foes, and, until the work is completed, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon!"

## FEMININE FRILLS.

Odds and Ends of Fashion That  
Are Seen in Fall  
Costumes.

Wine color is much talked of for fall and winter use. With the velvet hats, birds or flowers of a peculiar light shade of red are seen. Occasionally a dark wine-colored felt hat appears trimmed with velvet of the same shade, and the wine color appears as trimming for some of the outing hats. The big and broad turbans of fur and feathers are much seen, and are large and solid-looking. The fur or the feathers go around the sides, the middle being of velvet. Whole birds are seen on these hats, and a gorgeous parrot makes a conspicuous toque. Some English girls are wearing becoming hats of pale blue felt, which set off their bright complexions delightfully as they are intensified with black trimmings. A hat made for an American has the rim of black velvet, soft, pale blue felt crown, striped with black velvet and a black bird at the side.

The most charming things are constantly appearing in gun metal. It is a metal that men particularly like for their own belongings. A jewel in the clasp of an article of gun metal may not be altogether appropriate, but it is attractive.

There is talk sometimes of the passing of blossoms for weddings, but they have too many traditions clinging around them to cease to be used, and long sprays of them will be used at many fall weddings. The ever-present guimpe is to be seen in many wedding gowns and lace sleeves in several instances. Some of the gowns are elaborate, but a wedding gown of severely simple design is always pleasing. The girl who feels that the wedding service is a solemn rite likes to put some of that feeling into the cut of her frock.

In one of the surface cars one day last week was a well-dressed man wearing what may have been a Fedora hat, but with the rim somewhat wider than usual, while around the crown was some white material laid in even folds and one end put under the other at the left side. It was an unusual hat for a man, and particularly noticeable, for next to the man sat a woman with a regular Fedora hat of the same color, gray, with the regulation black band. It looked as if the two had exchanged hats.

Women who like a fine felt and a severely masculine style go directly to the men's shops and get a small-sized man's hat, with which they take a great deal of comfort. These fine felts are practically indestructible, can be rolled and tumbled and come out looking as good as new.

Long coats reaching to the knees, with large hoods, are made of satin and trimmed with stitched bands of cloth in patterns. They make beautiful wraps for elderly women. A long circular wrap of black cloth is outlined with a fold of white silk braid and has a simulated yoke made of rows of folded braid stitched closely together.

Some of the sleeves to the gowns with the sheathed skirts are so snug that they button from the wrist nearly to the elbow. N. Y. Sun.

## PAY FOR A SPOT.

A Mother's Ingenious Little Idea for  
Teaching Children to  
Be Neat.

Two mothers of large families were discussing domestic matters one day, and the younger of the two spoke with a sigh of the way in which her tablecloths were spotted through the daily mishaps of her two boys.

"Perhaps you'd like to know how I have helped my boys to be careful at the table," said the older woman; "it is the plan on which my mother brought me up, and I've never found a better."

"The rule in our family," she proceeded, when urged by her friend to explain her method, "is this: Any one who makes a spot on the tablecloth must cover it with a piece of money, and the piece must be large enough to hide the stain entirely; no rims are allowed! The children have to provide the coins out of their own pocket money. This rule applies to their father and me as well as to them. The sum goes to buy new table linen."

"The first year I tried the plan we had money enough for three handsome tablecloths, but since then there has been less and less. This is the fourth year, and although none of my boys has yet reached his fifteenth birthday, and they are by no means unusually deft in their management of knives, forks and spoons, they have learned to serve themselves and others so well that I am inclined to think their contributions to the 'tablecloth fund' will be very slight."—Youth's Companion.

## Brown Friar'ssee.

Drain large oysters, and to the liquor add some dark, well-seasoned beef stock; cook ten minutes together, and strain. In a spider melt some butter, and let it slightly brown; then add half the quantity of flour as of butter, blend and brown—without burning—to a rich darkness; add the oysters, moving them about gently for a few seconds, then pour in enough of the strained stock to make a sauce of a medium consistency. Serve on small rounds of toast.—Woman's Home Companion.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Learned by Experience.—Daughter—"What is the dead-letter office, mamma?" Mamma—"Your father's pocket."—Brooklyn Life.

Pessimistic.—"All weddings turn out about the same." "Yes; the woman's given away and the man gets sold."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Henpeck is a regular mouse in disposition, isn't he?" "Heavens, no! His wife hasn't the slightest fear of him."—Philadelphia Record.

The Jay—"What made him take up the chimney sweep business?" The Josh—"Wanted to come out on top." I guess.—Kansas City Independent.

The Shoe Clerk—"Beg your pardon, madam, but it is a No. 5 shoe you want, instead of a No. 3." She—"No. 5? You must be thinking of the size of your hat."—Indianapolis Journal.

The More Essential Thing.—Fuddy—"Maxum was a valuable man. It will be hard to find a man competent to step into his shoes." Duddy—"And still more difficult to find a man who can fill his hat."—Boston Transcript.

"What is that man doing?" asked the leader of a remote and unheard-of community. "Prospecting for gold." "Tell him to stop it! Does he want a lot of people to come down here with krag-jorgensens to civilize us?"—Washington Star.

"You'll have to give up drinking on account of your liver," said the doctor. "And I would advise you stop smoking because of your eyes and heart." "Doctor," groaned the patient, "don't you think I'd better give up eating because of my stomach?"—Philadelphia North American.

## TRAVELED AS A MAN.

Adventures of a Woman Who Wanted  
to See the World as  
Men See It.

Here is the story of a woman who wanted to see the world, and saw it. Her ambition was not to see it through woman's eyes, but as men see it. There was only one way to do this, and that was to assume men's clothes. Being of masculine appearance this otherwise insurmountable difficulty was surmountable. Nettie Dickey, of Stanton, Del., lately returned home after her sixth tour as a man satisfied. She has taken to dresses again, and this time, she says, for good.

She began her adventures six years ago. She was a country girl, but ambitious. One night when she was mending her brother's clothes the idea occurred to her. The next day she went to town and had her hair cut short, man fashion. That night she put on her brother's suit, pocketed her savings and set out on her travels. She walked three miles to Newark, boarded an express to Baltimore, and there got a boat for Norfolk. In two weeks her \$15 was gone, and she hired out to chop wood. But she did it so awkwardly that her employer became suspicious. He consulted his wife and they accused their woodchopper of being a woman. Her nerve broke down, and she confessed. A telegram was sent to her father, and he came after her and took her home.

A year later the longing again laid hold of Nettie, and she was off again. She had saved quite a sum this time, and went to Chicago. She lived as a man among men, boarding at cheap lodging-houses and frequenting concert halls and saloons. Then her money gave out and she took to an empty box car, like many another tramp. Driven out of this, she slept in an empty truck-house. Routed from this, she wandered about until picked up nearly dead of starvation and exposure. At the hospital her sex was discovered and she confessed and was sent home.

Two years afterward she was off again, as before, in men's clothes. She saw Philadelphia and Boston and New York this time. She came to grief in the Bowery, was taken to Bellevue hospital, and from there sent home. Her fourth trip was to Pittsburgh, and this time experience had taught her that money had an end, and she got home on her last dollar without disaster.

Her last two tours also had successful terminations. She always left home without warning and in men's clothes. She spent three weeks at an Atlantic City hotel last year, her sex unsuspected, and this year she managed to see New Orleans. She says now she has seen enough of the world and is content to remain home and be a woman for the rest of her life.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## The Dog Expected It.

A New York society dame, who is an ardent upholder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, owns a little fox terrier of which she is exceedingly fond. A man who had called on her the other day was admiring the dog and asked its mistress how she, with all her humane theories, could have allowed the cruel dog fancier to cut off Snap's tail and ears to the fashionable degree of brevity. The dame flew herself up and replied, with some hauteur:

"My dear sir, Snap expected it. Every thoroughbred fox terrier expects to have his tail and ears shortened." And that humbled man went away saying to himself: "That's the first time I ever thought of 'noblesse oblige' as applying to fox terriers."—N. Y. Tribune.



**SWAMP.** Is not recommended for everything; but if you have trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

## COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

(To insure insertion ALL correspondence must be in this office by Monday night of each week, and that nearby on Monday morning)

Our correspondents are derelict in duty and we want to say that henceforth they will not receive papers except for the week they have news letters. We are dependent upon them for the news and when they fail to send in their favors they put us to great inconvenience



### GILLMORE GLEANINGS.

Died, on the 8th inst., of scarlet fever, little Pearlley, daughter of Logan Lindon, aged between 5 and 6 years.

Miss Rachel Vest, the assistant post mistress at this place, is visiting relatives and friends in Menifee county. She claims to be the champion heavy weight of Wolfe county according to age, being only 13 years and 6 months old, and tips the beam at 180 lbs.

### UNCLE REMUR.

What Mr. John G. Kilgore says of the machine we sold him:

**\$40.00 Saved on Two Purchases.**  
LAMASCO, LYON CO., KY., Oct. 9, 1899.  
SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co., Chicago, Ill.  
Sirs: The Minnesota machine I ordered of you came all O. K. and is a fine machine and fully comes up to the recommendation and I saved at least \$20.00 over buying from an agent, and the buggy I ordered from you came all O. K. and is all right, and I saved \$20.00 over buying it from my home dealer.  
JOHN G. KILGORE.

We will send this same machine to any reader of THE HERALD who can examine it at the freight depot and if found satisfactory pay the freight agent \$16.55 and freight charges. No doubt, Mr. John G. Kilgore will be willing to show his machine to any intending purchaser.

We will mail free our Sewing Machine Catalogue to any reader of this paper on application.  
SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Preacher Adams, who for some months has occupied the Frank Murphy cottage on Mize Avenue, has recently removed to the residence property of Frank Tyler, corner State Street and Broadway.

### Three Doctors in Consultation.

From Benjamin Franklin.

"When you are sick, what you like best is to be chosen for a medicine in the first place; what experience tells you is best, to be chosen in the second place; what reason (i. e., Theory) says is best is to be chosen in the last place. But if you can get Dr. Inelination, Dr. Experience and Dr. Reason to hold a consultation together, they will give you the best advice that can be taken."

When you have a bad cold Dr. Inelination would recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is pleasant and safe to take. Dr. Experience would recommend it because it never fails to effect a speedy and permanent cure. Dr. Reason would recommend it because it is prepared on scientific principles, and acts on nature's plan in relieving the lungs opening the secretions and restoring the system to a natural and healthy condition. For sale by J. T. Day, Druggist.

On the 8th inst., at Nicholasville, Mrs. Chester Green, nee Gentry, shot Mrs. J. M. Betts, wife of the gentlemanly clerk of the Hotel Nicholas, twice inflicting dangerous wounds. The shooting was done with a pistol. Jealously the cause.

### How to Prevent Croup.

We have two children who are subject to attacks of croup. Whenever an attack is coming on my wife gives them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it always prevents the attack. It is a household necessity in this county and no matter what else we run out of, it would not do to be without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. More of it is sold here than of all other cough medicines combined. —J. M. Nickle, of Nickle Bros., merchants, Nickleville, Pa. For sale by J. T. Day, Druggist.

Now the election for state officers is over, let us turn our attention to our town by having the side-walks put in good shape so the pedestrian can keep out of the mud, for winter is at hand.

If your horse or mule has a lump, bunch, bone spavin, curb, splint or any like ailment, go to John M. Rose and get a bottle of Quinn's Ointment, which will remove the obstacle.

Black leg, a disease which killed many cattle in Garrard county last year, has made its appearance again, and a great many cattle have died from the disease.

Tommie Daniel, of Ezel, and Miss Lenie Combs, of Morehead, are visiting the family of Q. C. Daniel, father of the former and brother-in-law of the latter.

Boyd Cole, representing Geo. C. Murphy, East Liverpool, O., was a guest of the Day House Monday night. His specialty is queensware.

Old fashions in dress may be revived, but no old-fashioned medicine can replace Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by J. T. Day, Druggist.

Howard, a son of Joe Miller, of Grassy, met with a misfortune recently by getting one of his legs broken by wrestling with another boy.

O. K. Noland fatally shot Wm. Rose, and seriously wounded Judge A. J. Tharpe at Winston, Estill county, Kentucky, Sunday afternoon.

The vote of Hazel Green and precinct is Goebel 134, Taylor 80, Brown 8. Goebel's majority 43. Rose 137, Adams 73. Rose's majority 64.

Admiral Dewey is to be married in a short time to Mrs. W. B. Hazen, a sister of John R. McLean, publisher of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The National Fox Hunters will hold their annual meeting this year at Estill Springs on the 15th inst.

Jim Byrd moved from Caskey fork of Gassy creek, Morgan county, to Lacy creek, Wolfe county, last week.

Rev. John W. Burcham will preach at the Frank Johnson school house on Lacy creek, Sunday at 11 o'clock.

E. W. Dixon, with the Manns Bros' Shoe Co., Cincinnati, was a guest of the Day House Tuesday night.

Thanksgiving comes on Thursday the 30th of this month, and the editor and his better-½ like turkey.

Grandma Duleina Pieratt, of the Greasy fork of Blackwater, is visiting her grandson, Henry Franklin Pieratt, of this place.

Among the advertisements in our columns this week will be found that of "A fine farm for sale," and we hope our readers will carefully peruse it.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

There was considerable stock on the market here Wednesday, and all sold well, but we failed to get a report.

After 14 year of honest toil, it looks as though all our work must spoil WITHOUT SALT TO SAVE IT. Just walk up and lay a dollar down, and I'll be a happy man in town!

**\$50 IN A LUMP**

That is just about the amount of money the average man has saved up for one small business on the lot. Why not take off the lump and get the extra money?

**QUINN'S OINTMENT**

will remove all lumps and blemishes permanently without leaving a scar. For sale at all drug stores at 25c. per box. Smaller size 10c. W. B. EDDY & CO., Whitehall, N. Y.

## Fine Farm FOR SALE!

Having determined to locate at an other point, I offer for sale at private contract my farm near Salem, Morgan county, Ky., containing

**85 acres,**

40 acres of which is timber land of good quality.

On the place is a modern 5 room residence and all necessary outbuildings; a never failing well of fine water; a store-room 14x24 feet, with full length ware-room along side.

## AN ORCHARD of 40 Young Trees,

representing several varieties of fruit, is now in bearing and a source of revenue.

**A Church and School** adjoin the premises and the neighborhood is unexcelled for good behavior, sobriety, etc.

**\$1,000.00 WILL BUY IT,** and the terms be made to suit any reasonable purchaser.

F. M. LONG or SPENCER COOPER, Hazel Green, Ky.

O. F. HARRISON+

Attorney at Law,

COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY AND RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.

451 W. JEFFERSON STREET, LOUISVILLE, KY.  
Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

**DRS. K. & K.**  
The Leading Specialists of America  
20 YEARS IN OHIO.  
250,000 Cured.

**WE CURE STRICTURE**  
Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, small, twisting stream, sharp cutting pains at times, slight discharges, difficulty in emptying, weak erections, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you, by cutting, stretching, or tearing you. This will not cure you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD OF TREATMENT absorbs the stricture tissue; hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened. The nerves are invigorated, and the bliss of manhood returns.

**WE CURE GLEET**  
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